All Clear—"TripleX" Safety Glass

THE SPHERE, OCTOBER 19, 1940
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXIII No. 2126 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 19 1940

EVERY PHASE OF THE WAR ACCURATELY PICTURED AND DESCRIBED

QUESTION: *Who made Gt. Britain famous for producing the world's finest VIRGINIA CIGARETTES?*

ANSWER: DE RESZKE *. . . of course!*

GOOD CARS WANTED

The highest cash prices for good modern used cars are offered by The Car Mart Ltd. You will be more than satisfied with the figure offered.

Write or 'phone to-day

146 Park Lane, W.1 — The Car Mart Ltd — 320 Euston Rd., N.W.1

Tel.: Grov. 3434 *Tel.: Eus. 1212*

Also 374, Ealing Road, Alperton, Wembley.

Great stuff this Bass

TRADE MARK

Be Assured! THERE IS NO BETTER INSURANCE THAN

THE LONDON ASSURANCE

Head Office: 1, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Branches & Agencies throughout the World

A.D. 1720

Clear that Cold with VAPEX

BREATHE THE VAPOUR

V194

HENNESSY ★★★ BRANDY

EVERY SHIP IN THE ROYAL NAVY is portrayed and described in "BRITISH WARSHIPS"

Published by "The Illustrated London News"

This panorama publication (size 19×12⅔ ins.) contains 150 superb photographs with explanatory diagrams and descriptions of every vessel in the Navies of the British Commonwealth. Can be ordered from principal booksellers or from "The Illustrated London News," 32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Price 3/6 *By post, Inland and Abroaa 4/-*

They serve our Empire!

Old boys and girls trained by the Society are, in great numbers, serving the Empire in the present struggle. Please send a gift to help train 1,100 poor children to be useful citizens.

DONATIONS AND LEGACIES URGENTLY NEEDED

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2

President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G. (FOUNDED 1843)

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, SWOLLEN JOINTS and kindred ills

Ended by CURICONES THE WORLD RENOWNED ANTI-RHEUMATIC REMEDY

Supplied by request to over 6,050 DOCTORS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Office: 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 12

A FEW commonsense rules of diet may make all the difference to your sleep. Don't have a heavy supper, which might cause indigestion. Instead have a light nourishing meal, and eat it some hours before you go to bed.

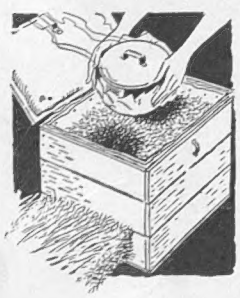
ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

A Light Supper Dish

Try fish and celery casserole for supper. Cut 1½ lbs. fillets of any white fish into convenient pieces. Roll in flour or oatmeal seasoned with salt and pepper, and put in your casserole together with the outside sticks of a good head of celery chopped into inch lengths. Add three or four potatoes roughly sliced, cover with milk and water, half and half, and cook very slowly for 1½ hours. Season with salt and pepper before serving.

How to make a HAY-BOX

Hay-box cookery is particularly suitable for stews, soups, root vegetables, pulses, porridge and bacon. *And it saves fuel.*



A wooden box measuring about 2 ft. deep and 2 ft. 6 in. square is a convenient size. You can often buy one at your grocers. It must be fitted with a strong lid, secured with hinges and a hasp.

First line the box and lid with several thicknesses of newspaper; then, if you have it, with some clean, old flannel or felt. Use tacks to keep these linings in place.

Pack the box *tightly* with hay to within about 4 ins. of the top, making two nests in the hay for your cooking pans. A padding of hay should also be fixed to the underside of the lid.

Make a hay cushion 4 ins. thick to put on top of your pans.

To use the hay-box, bring your food to the boil in a pan on the stove, put on the lid tightly, then wrap the pan in newspaper and put it in one of the nests in the hay-box. Cover with the cushion, fasten the lid and leave the food to cook, allowing at least twice as long as for ordinary simmering. When required, heat up on the stove again before serving.

Said Mrs. A to Mrs. B :
" Your meals have such variety !
In vain for new ideas I hunt—
I can't think how you do it !"
Said Mrs. B to Mrs. A :
" At 8.15 a.m. each day
I listen in to KITCHEN FRONT,
And after that, Go To It !"

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

GREATCOATS
for all the
WOMEN'S SERVICES

This A.T.S. Greatcoat conforms, of course, strictly to standard; its distinction lies in its cut and tailoring — both well above "standard" as our photograph shows. A welcome addition to your service outfit for cold days, Moss Bros. will make it for you in the shortest possible time.

Complete outfits and all accessories for all services are, of course, also supplied by Moss Bros. Please write for Price list.

MOSS BROS
& COMPANY LIMITED
COVENT GARDEN
Corner of King St. & Bedford St., W.C.2
Telephone : Temple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

Also 3/5 Upper Union St., Aldershot ; 76 Park St., Bristol ; St. Ann's Square, Manchester ; 13 The Hard, Portsmouth. And at Boscombe, Camberley Hove, Ilkley, Salisbury, Shrivenham, York.

NOTABLE NUMBERS

7, FERRY ROAD, TOPSHAM. The House of Sir William Follett, born 1798, famous Attorney-General who, being paralysed, addressed the House of Commons from a high chair.

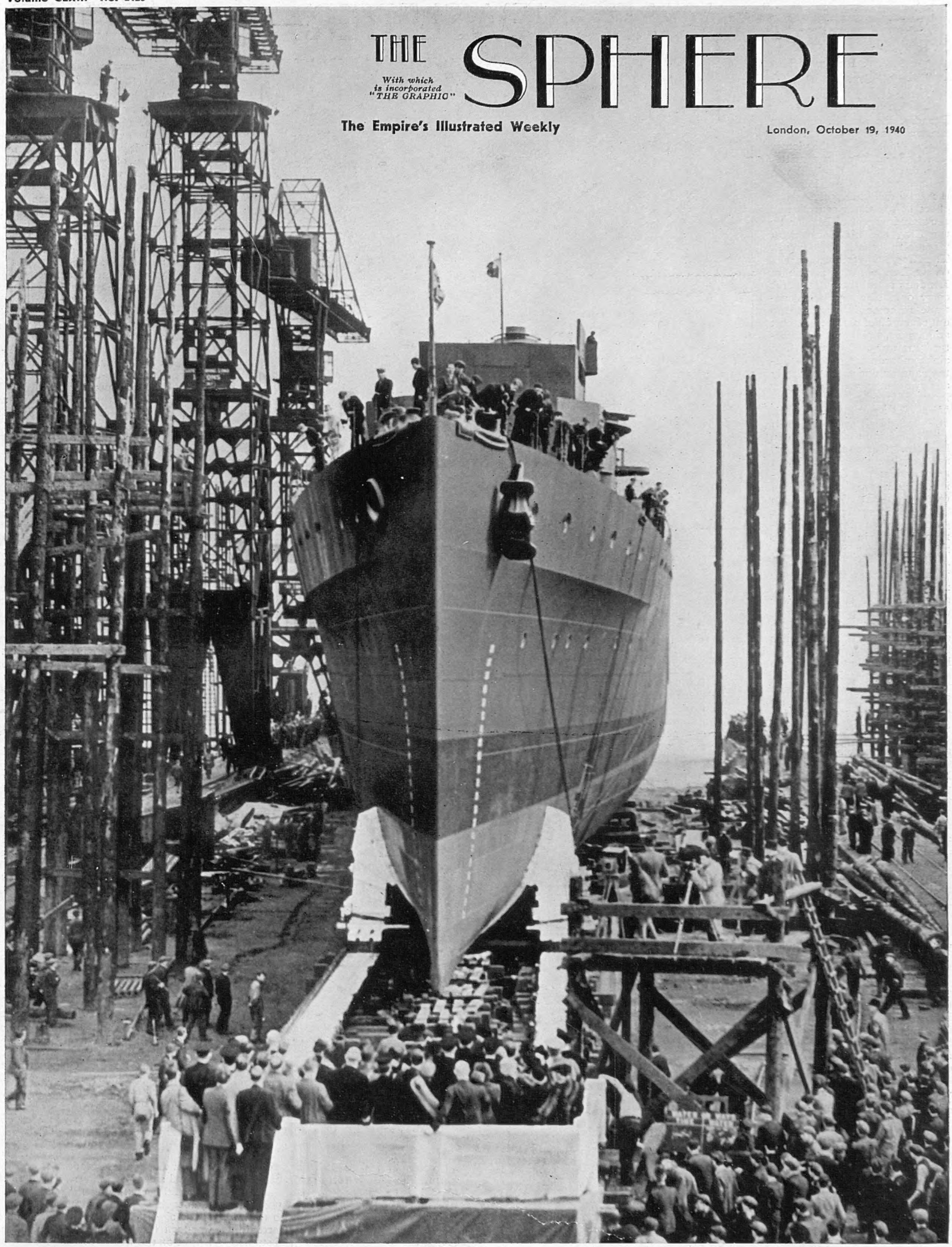
Yet another famous number with smokers is Player's No. 3—that well-known cigarette of delightful mellowness and excellent flavour, distinguished for the *finer* quality of its selected leaf.

PLAYER'S NUMBER 3
EXTRA QUALITY CIGARETTES

PLAIN OR CORK TIPS
20 FOR 1/10
50 FOR 4/6
50 TINS (plain only) 4/7

3.P.75

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 19, 1940



A NEW ADDITION TO THE ROYAL NAVY

A British Cruiser Goes Down the Slipway After Its Launching

As the months go by, the British Navy is becoming increasingly powerful as its war-time schedule comes into operation. Already it has been augmented by some of the most powerful units of the French Navy and the Navies of our other Allies; and also by the fifty over-age destroyers from the United States. And now the new Naval vessels, building at the time of the outbreak of war or laid down since, are being launched to assist in the work of protecting trade channels and to carry the war to the enemy's shores. Since September 1939 men in the British shipyards have been working in shifts for twenty-four hours each day: although the Navy has suffered losses, it is even stronger to-day than before the war

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 59

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

LOOKING EAST.—

Broadly, the air *blitzkrieg* on Britain has already and definitely failed. Clearly the victory was to be attained in a matter of a few weeks. England was to be brought to her knees by the total dislocation of her war effort at the chief centres and the abandonment of London by the King and his Government was a clearly anticipated result. The King's Government carries on in London, the people of London and all their vital works carry on. The food ships continue to come into and to go out of our chief ports, we import and export, build and manufacture for war and trade. The air bombardment goes on bitterly and on one side senselessly and we know we shall suffer long and tragically. But the *blitzkrieg* as such has failed. It is indeed all to do again, if the Nazis have the means to do it again. Our communications are largely restored, our home raid services are daily improving. Our own air toll on Germany's war effort is quite patently increasing and its gathering strength and effectiveness is felt in Germany, in neutral countries, and in Britain. Against that vital stroke in a planned war policy, Göring's men can congratulate themselves on their successful war on monuments, public schools, hospitals, and haycocks. It is small wonder if Hitler has turned his face from West to East in his irking anxiety to wriggle out of a disastrous miscalculation and defeat. That he will toy with a stroke in the West for some time to come is probable and must be in the mind of every one of us constantly. That he is now dividing his attention between East and West is certain. Where he plans to strike in the East we do not yet know. There are three or four vital points from which to attack our Mediterranean positions and key points. The might of the combined German and Italian arms could achieve one or more of such jumping-off grounds without great military difficulties, but it becomes more and more clear that nations still uninvolved grow less and less anxious to be drawn into the war to help pull Axis chestnuts out of the fire.

DIPLOMACY AFTER THE WAR.—

It is quite natural, and by no means a ground for criticism, that, while Labour co-operates wholeheartedly and vitally in the common cause of winning the war, Labour leaders in key positions in Government do not wholly abandon in the "party truce" the prosecution of Socialist political aims. With the nation in the front line and the heaviest demands in sacrifice and hard work being made on the workers, every week that goes by brings some further legislative advance towards Socialism (as such measures would be judged by the standards of peace-time), and from such advances there is no return. So it is that it evoked no surprise to hear a Labour leader in the War Cabinet pause to throw out an *obiter dictum* on the need for reforming the privileged and selective recruitment of our diplomatic service. The failure of British diplomacy since 1918, and before, is too glaring to admit of amnesty. The system of recruitment by selection on narrowly defined attributes may have preserved the British reputation for culture and dignity in some of the more civilised capitals of Europe, which is a good thing, but it has not prevented us from being fooled, humiliated and carted time and again, and it has definitely gained for us in European diplomacy and indeed world diplomacy a reputation for diplomatic bungling and diplomatic anachronism and futility. In that service a purge to secure realism, elasticity and practical sense is a crying need.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S FIRST BROADCAST: On Sunday afternoon last, the children of Britain, of the Empire, and those sent to safety in America, listened to the voice of Princess Elizabeth speaking to them from London. Her message was simple and straightforward and she spoke to the millions of her young listeners as one of themselves; she said that she too knew what it meant to be separated from her parents. She ended her broadcast with this message of hope for the younger generation, "We know, every one of us, that in the end all will be well; for God will care for us and give us victory and peace. And when peace comes, remember it will be for us, the children of to-day, to make the world of to-morrow a better and happier place." Here Princess Elizabeth is seen at the microphone, with her sister, Princess Margaret, who was by her side during the broadcast

PEACE RUMOURS.—

The "sickening technique" never varies, for the enemy is a race of robots, mechanical and mass produced of cast-iron. So once more the "feelers" are put out through the authorised Nazi channels. Hitler and his Sancho, after tilting at a windmill that refused to play the Quixotic game, are rubbing their heads. The much tried peoples, whose duty it is to hail them as gods omniscient, are beginning to ask questions. There may be as many people in Germany who loathe war as there are in Britain, and the morale of nations compelled to suffer intolerable sacrifices and discomforts under war can in the long run only be maintained by a sense of the justice of their cause. Facile victories, if constant enough, may bolster up a doubting will to war, but, if the punctual sequence breaks down, the bolster slides away. These are comforting thoughts, based on solid foundations. Peace is a word of trembling hope unrealisable to all suffering humanity. War is a word of loathing and horror, a dreadful duty or a dreadful fate. Again and again before the end of this tragedy, Hitler will turn his eyes from the sword in his right hand to the olive branch in his left, and weigh up the virtues and the chances of his own personal survival by either means. Whenever the peace feelers emerge, it is Britain's habit and duty to declare that nothing Hitler can propose is worth an answer. None of us in Britain, however hard hit by the chances of war, quarrels with that declaration. When Peace will come, we do not know. When it *does* come, let us not underrate its enormous significance. Meanwhile . . . . it is our duty and privilege to hammer on, relying not on hopes or phrases or miracles or mirages, but on the strength of our own arms and cause. There is no release and no escape for any of us. And the war will be won at last, not by the side which has the most brilliant leaders, but by the side which makes fewest mistakes and puts forth the greater intensity of effort.

TWO MAPS.—

I derived comfort the other day from the study of two maps. One was a most elaborate and yet clear chart, prepared by the M.O.I., showing at a glance how the 700 raids, carried out by the R.A.F. on military objectives in Germany up to the end of September, had been spread over the Reich from the Baltic to Switzerland, from the North Sea to Munich. Every place named meant a vital spot in the Nazi war organism. Every objective was a piece in a large jigsaw, and a piece with a defined bit of the whole picture on it. The R.A.F. Commands have concentrated on Germany's war efforts and have not been deflected by sideshows or by public clamour for reprisals (never very loud). They have gone out to harry the enemy's oil supplies, docks, naval bases, railway junctions and yards, armament works, plane factories and aerodromes, shipping and barges and canals. The map and the charts and statistics, which explain it, must convince most thinking people that, quite apart from moral issues, the R.A.F. policy is the right one, the only effective and legitimate use of a vile weapon. I turned to the other map. A paltry, little, local, amateur affair, done roughly to a scale of a half-mile to an inch. It showed a bit of English country and in the four-mile radius three small villages were marked on it, two or three farms, a few smaller country houses, and groups of cottages and farm buildings. The bulk of the map was open common. I should say that on the average there was one building to every 10 acres. There was no main road, no railway, and no military objective of any kind in the area. Yet, like a measles rash, the fair face of this little map was pitted with red spots. Each spot represented a bomb dropped. Of these bombs, one pitched in a sandy lane, one hit and fired a haystack, one fell within 20 yards of a bungalow and did no harm. The other forty-seven exploded or failed to explode in fields and on commons. The man who prepared the map did so in the course of his war-time duties. It was a heartening document to study. When I had studied the map I came to the conclusion that either Göring's reputation had been exaggerated or that the morale or efficiency of his airmen is already lower than we supposed.

THE KING AND QUEEN.

—As our thoughts turn on the coming winter with all its implications of suffering, anxiety and darkness, we realise more and more how vital are all the resources we possess, capable of preserving that sense of continuity in our national traditions, that unity and dignity of purpose, that comradeship and that sense of proportion, which are essential to victory in war and to rehabilitation after the war. To be "grim and gay," to continue unselfishly to give out our maximum of effort, to keep our sanity and decency, we need a constant example of good citizenship, of devotion to duty and true fellowship from the top, and a constant reminder of the splendour of our history and the matchless dignity of our national institutions. All these vital reminders are being daily given us—and can only be given us in their entirety—by the King and Queen. They are doing under different conditions precisely what King George V and Queen Mary did in the Four Years War. The King and Queen to-day perforce take greater personal risks; for the rest, their whole time and energies are constantly employed on war service, as it was in the late reign in the Great War. When the crisis of their reign broke, they were younger in years than King George and Queen Mary and possibly on that account are better able to endure the strain and to face the total upheaval of social life than could older people. It is a signal instance of the good fortune which has attended our national destiny that twice in a quarter-century when the hour of our national fate struck, the crises found at the top a man and a woman fit for the fateful hour who saw and grasped the opportunity and the responsibility and greatly used them. We sometimes regard the Monarchy as we regard the sprawling plan of London's lay-out, or our fine judicial institutions, or the Lord Mayor's Show, as something that has casually evolved through centuries of time and is somehow in existence and a fixture. It needs but little serious examination to assure us that it stands to-day like a rock because its foundations are constantly flexible and because minds are for ever at work strengthening and improving its endurance to meet ever-changing conditions. Happy and thrice happy that nation may call itself which during two reigns of unparalleled anxiety has found on the throne sovereigns who matched themselves with the hour of fate and gave all that was in them of service, of example in sympathy, courage and comfort and inspiration, of strength, purpose, and responsibility, to the cause of their peoples and to the cause of freedom and victory.

SUCH COLOUR AS LIFE STILL AFFORDS.—

The autumn gales, which have whipped up our fortress moat to be a strong defence against invasion, have begun in earnest to scatter the leaves. Considering the drought of summer, it is remarkable how they have held on and hitherto resisted the buffeting which began before the Equinox. The power of resistance shown by the leaves has been as pleasant and comforting as the same powers shown by our race. I never saw a lovelier autumn for autumn tints. Never blushed so red the cherries and maples and wild geans, never flamed so golden the beaches and chestnuts and birches. It is a sight for sore eyes and a balm for war-torn hearts to look down from a height on the woods and hedges of any weald country and see the fields framed in gold and red, and well-known landmarks set in the richest colours. There is always that grain of comfort in the reflection that, however much of the treasures raised and made by the hands of men may be destroyed by the juggernaut of war, the works of nature cannot be seriously affected and the jewels of spring and autumn will be ours to enjoy again, when the nightmare days are over, without the labour of restoration, without vexatious waiting, divinely punctual and divinely apt.

THE OLD STAGER

THIS IS LONDON TO-DAY

After Six Weeks of German Bombing London's Outline Still Remains the Same!

For six weeks now the Germans have been bombing London—mainly by night and mainly indiscriminately. Their latest success is to damage London's historic Cathedral of St. Paul's (here seen in the very foreground of the picture—further pictures of St. Paul's are also given on p. 86): yet, despite all that the enemy has launched in the way of terror and destruction, London still stands, and shows very little of her scars! The picture we reproduce here was taken only a few days ago—it shows the most crowded portion of the whole City. Yet it would take a keen eye to discern the damage—or to produce evidence in support of German claims of destruction and paralysis. London has suffered, certainly; but it will be long before the indiscriminate bombing of the Capital produces the havoc and disorder that the Germans wish for. We reproduce this picture to reassure our many friends in all parts of the world that London is still London!

BOMBED EIGHT TIMES IN THREE WEEKS

And Still the Work Goes On in this London Factory

After weeks of intensive day and night bombing London's export industries continue to deliver the goods for dispatch to markets throughout the world. Even in the most heavily bombed areas, works which have been repeatedly hit have been able to adapt themselves and make arrangements whereby production can proceed. A typical example is this works in the neighbourhood of the Docks: here 1,200 people are employed. The factory has been bombed eight times in three weeks; one would think it would have been wiped out. Yet, as can be seen, the men are still carrying on, under a temporary roof! Here, smelters are seen at work in one corner of the factory, whilst workmen are filling up the crater caused by a high explosive bomb which crashed through the roof. And this is only one of many such establishments, where stout hearts are facing up to existing conditions, and helping to forge a way to victory!

SOLDIERS IN THE STREETS OF LONDON SALVAGE PROPERTY FROM BOMBED HOUSES: HERE A NUMBER OF PIANOS HAVE BEEN CARRIED OUT OF THE WRECKAGE ONTO THE PAVEMENT TO AWAIT CLAIM

HOUSEHOLD GOODS OF EVERY IMAGINABLE DESCRIPTION HAVE BEEN RESCUED FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF SMASHED BRICKWORK AND PLACED OPPOSITE THE FALLEN HOUSES

ROYAL ENGINEERS ASSIST IN THE WORK OF CLEARING UP THE DAMAGED SITES IN LONDON

CLEARING BOMBED SITES IN LONDON

The work of the A.M.P.C. (Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps) and the R.E. has evoked instant approval from London's citizens. The men, assisted by mechanical cranes and other devices, have cleared away timber and brick and have rescued a mass of furniture and personal possessions

ROYAL INTEREST IN LON

THE KING AND QUEEN CHAT WITH THE DRIVER OF A AMBULANCE: Their Majesties have presented four ambulance and two mobile canteens to the L.C.C. for use by th defenders of London; and here they are inspecting the unit

ENTERTAINING THE CROWDS OF REFUGEES IN A TUBE STATION: In the night air-raid shelter at Aldwych Station, crowds now gather nightly to get protection and sleep. The othe

A BRITISH LIFEBOAT RESCUES A NAZI PILOT FROM THE SEA: A few days ago a German Dornier 17 bomber was sho down over the South-East Coast by a detachment of th Somerset Light Infantry. The latter took one of th Spandau machine-guns and ammunition from the aircraf and mounted it on a high-angle mounting. Two days late

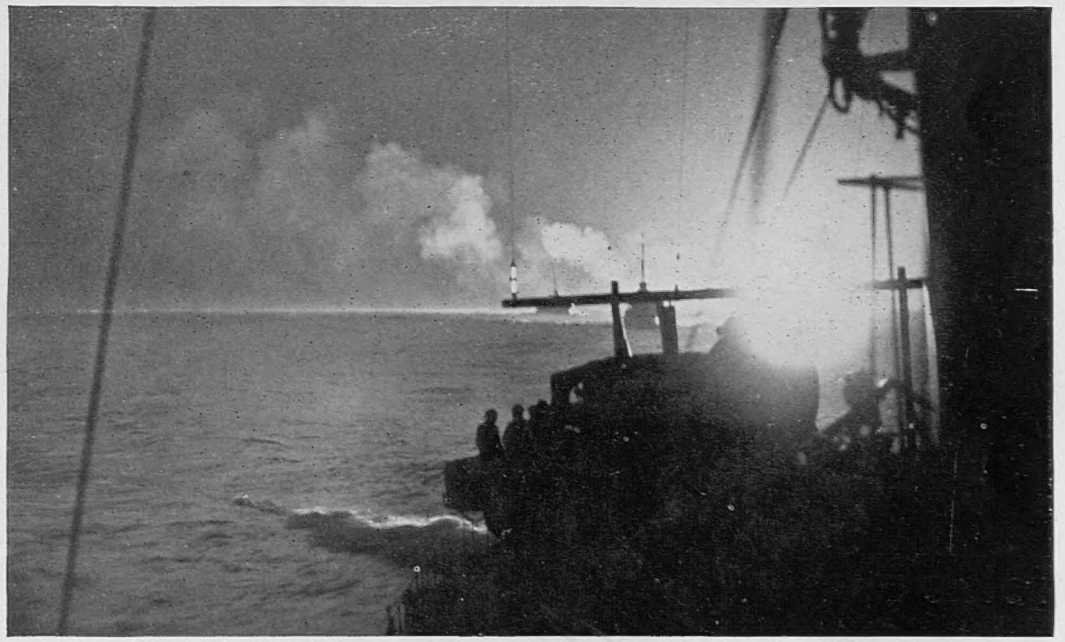
DON'S STEADFAST STAND

THE QUEEN WARMS HER HANDS AT AN OPEN-AIR KITCHEN: Queen Elizabeth talks to Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, during her inspection of communal feeding centres in South London, where meals are provided for bombed people

evening E.N.S.A. gave their first concert to the crowds who spend long hours in these tubular shelters. Miss Grace Nevern is here seen singing to her appreciative audience

a Messerschmitt 109 flew over the same detachment at about 1,000 ft., and it was promptly shot down by the German gun. It fell into the sea two miles from the shore. A lifeboat was launched and picked up the pilot, who was floating in the sea. With his head bandaged, he is seen on the right hand side of the boat in the above picture

THE ROYAL NAVY AT CHERBOURG: ALL THE GUNS OF THE SQUADRON BELCHED FORTH AT THEIR OBJECTIVES IN AND AROUND THE FRENCH PORT WITH TERRIFIC EFFECT DURING THE SURPRISE ATTACK CARRIED OUT IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE R.A.F. ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 10

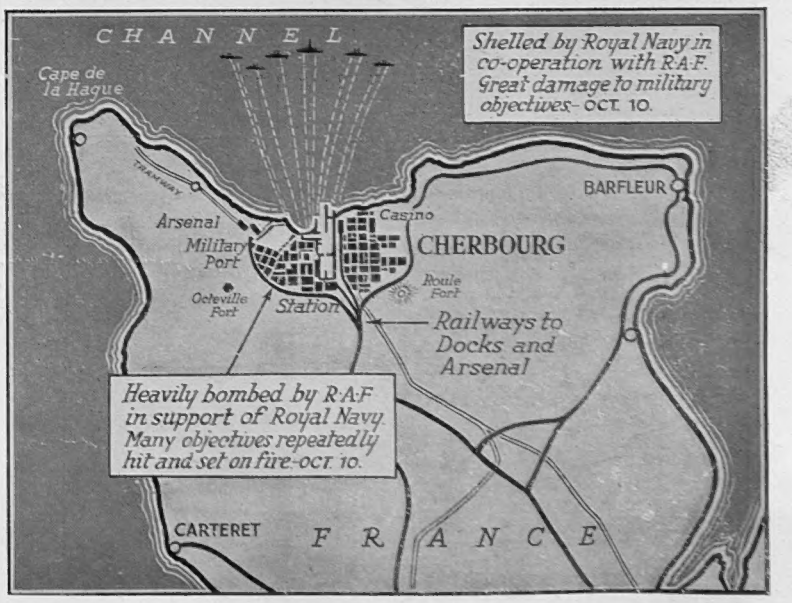


SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE BRITISH NAVY POURS IN A HAIL OF SHELL ONTO THE HARBOUR AND DOCKSIDE INSTALLATIONS AT THE OCCUPIED PORT OF CHERBOURG

The Shelling of CHERBOURG

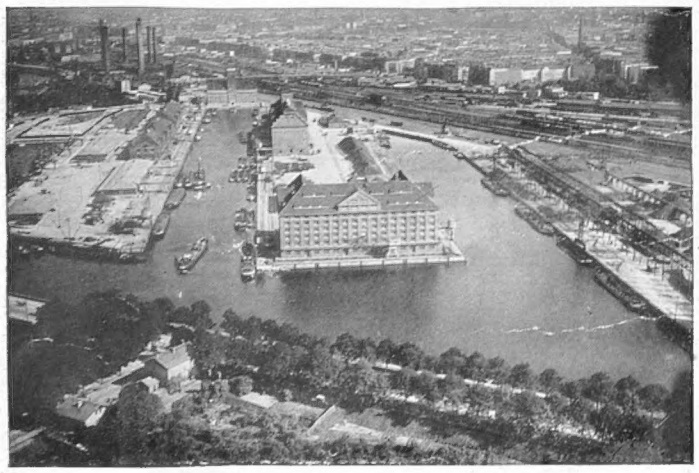
On the night of October 10 a joint Naval and Air Force assault on Cherbourg took place with very great success. The appearance of the British Navy on the scene was a surprise to the German shore batteries, who began to return fire, by which time the British Fleet had begun to increase the range and draw out to sea again. The power of the mighty guns was aided by the bombing aircraft of the R.A.F.

On right—
CHERBOURG'S POSITION AT THE HEAD OF A PENINSULA IN NORMANDY



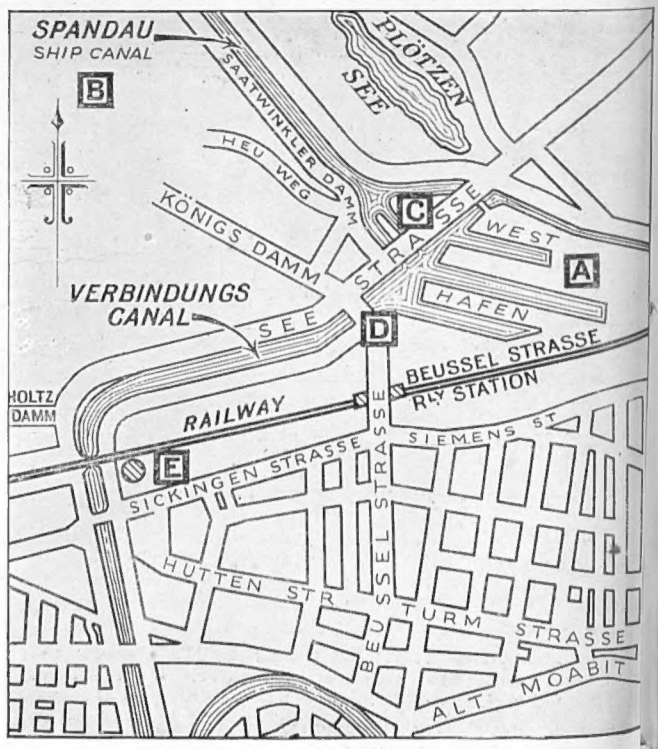
BOMBS ON BERLIN: This is the First Picture of an Actual Attack by the R.A.F. on the German Capital

This fine photograph has just been released by the Air Ministry; it was taken from one of our bombers during a night raid last week on the West Hafen Docks, the second largest inland harbour in Germany (the biggest is at Duisberg). West Hafen is 3 miles from the centre of the city, and it adjoins the Moabit Power Station to the east, which was attacked on the same night. It is connected by the Spandau Ship Canal with the Berlin-Stettin Canal, which is navigable by barges and steamers of 600 tons. In the picture bombs are actually seen bursting in the inner harbour of the Spandau Ship Canal, north of the Konigs Damm Bridge over the Verbindungs Canal. The broad streaks of light are searchlights; the thin ones are the tracks of tracer shells. The star illuminating the Charlottenburg Gasholders (in the bottom left corner) is caused by lens reflection. **A.** West Hafen. **B.** Spandau Ship Canal. **C.** Bombs bursting on inner harbour. **D.** Konigs Damm Bridge over Verbindungs Canal. **E.** Charlottenburg Gasholders.



On left—**WEST HAFEN DOCKS IN BERLIN, BEFORE THE BOMBING BY THE R.A.F.**

On right—**A KEY MAP OF THE SECTION OF BERLIN BOMBED BY THE R.A.F. AS SHOWN IN THE LARGER PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE**



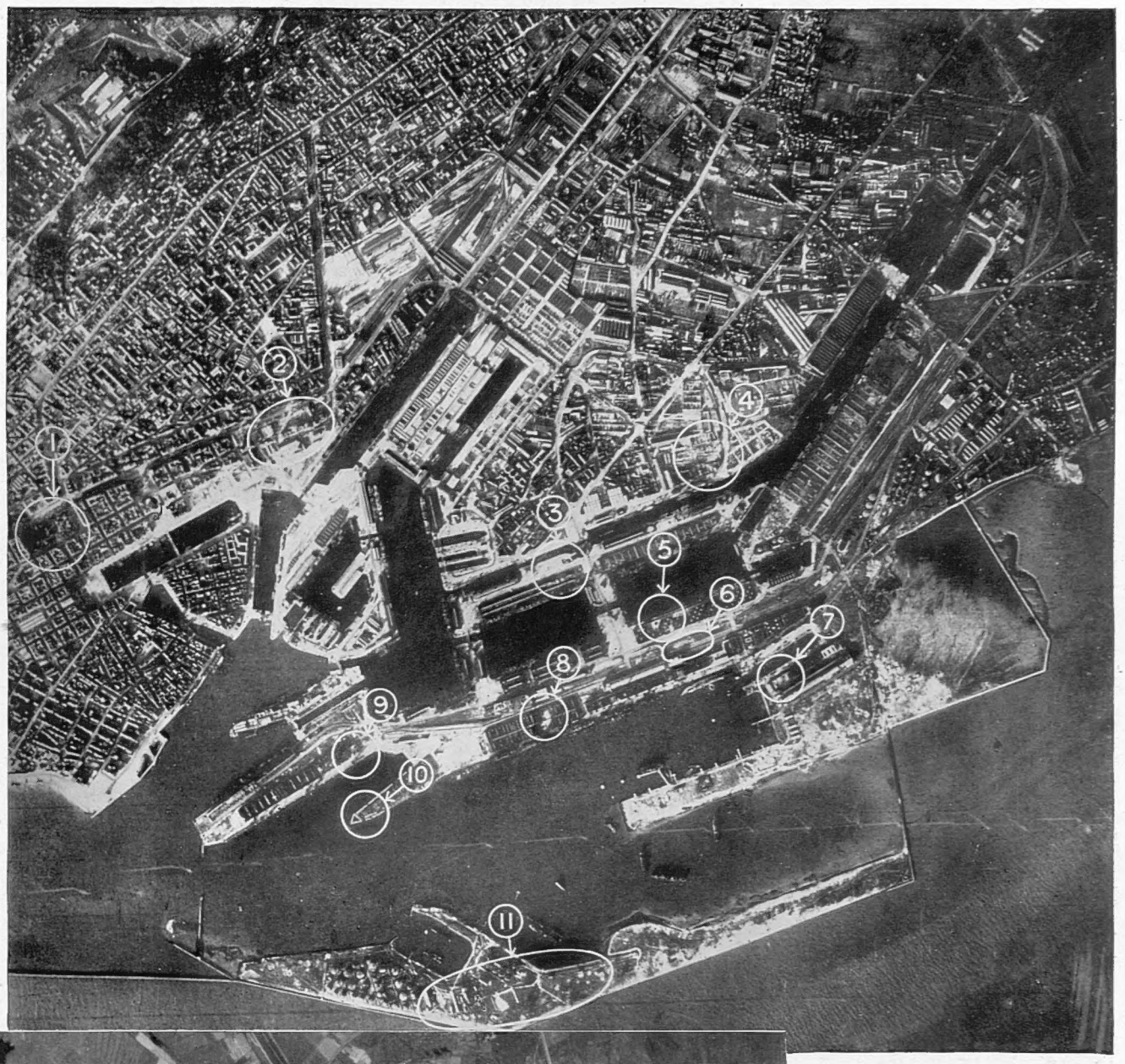
BERLIN LE HAVRE ANTWERP

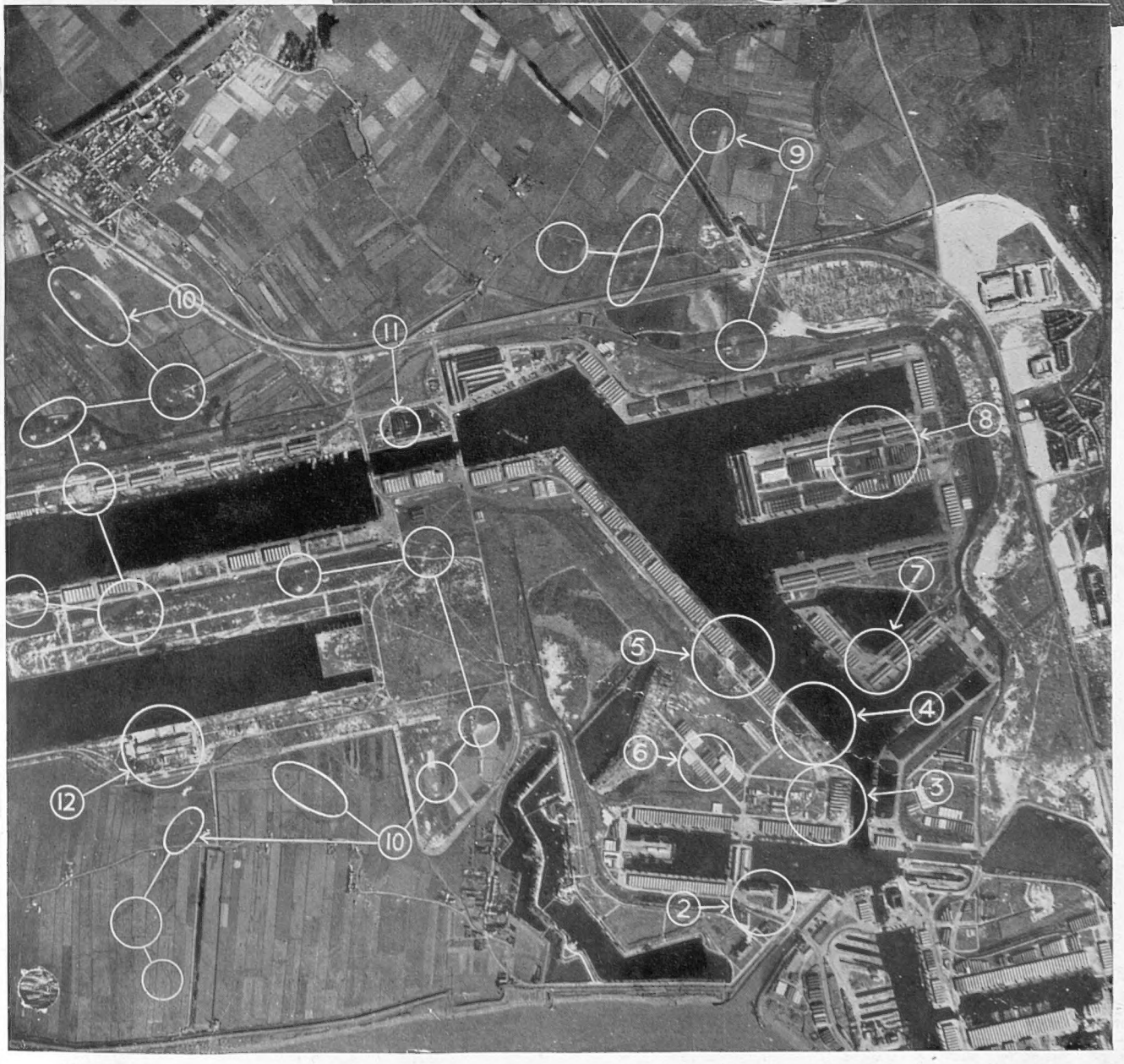
—Pictures Taken After the R.A.F. Bombardments of these Important Centres

On right—**LE HAVRE AFTER AN R.A.F. RAID**

This Air Ministry official photograph will help readers to realise some of the damage which R.A.F. bombers are causing in enemy-occupied ports

1. Block of houses completely gutted
2. Kleber barracks damaged by fire
3. Warehouses partially demolished
4. Building gutted by fire
5. Holes in roof of damaged warehouse
6. Crater in roadway
7. Dock warehouse with roof burnt out
8. Holes in roof of warehouse
9. Damage to dock warehouse
10. Damage to roof of warehouse
11. Craters between oil tanks





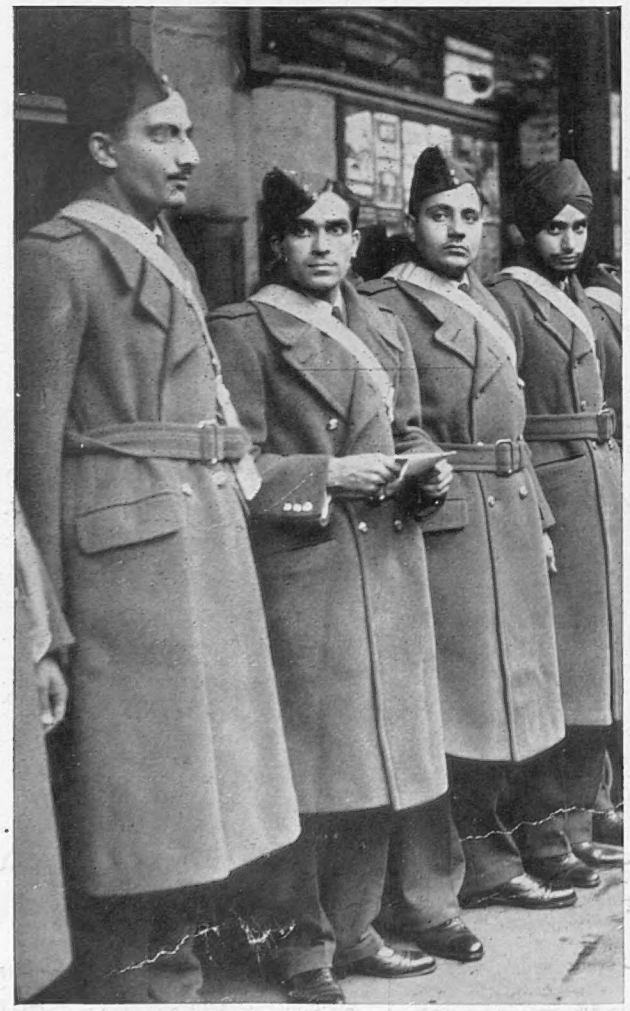
On left—**AFTER ONE RAID ON ANTWERP: An impressive display of the havoc wrought by the R.A.F.**

2. Two dockside buildings hit
3. Dock warehouses gutted or wrecked
4. Large warehouse completely demolished and another wrecked. A crater 170 ft. in diameter can be seen
5. More dockside warehouses hit
6. Damaged warehouses
7. Warehouses damaged by blast
8. Direct hit on three warehouses on the Mole
9. and 10. Bomb craters around the dock area
11. Direct hit on large building
12. Camouflaged oil tanks

These two pictures give evidence—if evidence, indeed, were needed—of the value of precision bombing as carried out by the R.A.F. Practically every bomb has found its mark on a target of definite military value. Compare this with the indiscriminate bombing of London and other places, where little damage *of military significance* has so far been caused

OUR DEFENDERS AT SEA AND IN THE AIR

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS AT SEA: These fine types are members of an anti-aircraft gun crew on board a British destroyer engaged in escorting merchantmen in Convoy. Beards are now worn generally by naval crews when on duty at sea for long periods—a return to an old tradition of the British Navy. Nothing seems able to quench the good humour of all branches afloat, and their gaiety under the worst conditions is almost epic



PILOTS FROM INDIA, WARMLY CLAD FOR AUTUMN DAYS, ARRIVE IN THIS COUNTRY: A first batch of Indian pilots to arrive in this country are here seen at a London station. They come from many parts of India and are the forerunners of a still greater number of their compatriots

TO ENABLE THE FLEET AIR ARM TO CARRY ON WITH THEIR WORK DURING A FIRE ALARM: Members of the Fleet Air Arm are being equipped with a kind of Ku-Klux-Klan asbestos suit which will protect the squad against fire when rescuing airmen trapped in a blazing fuselage. These weird costumes will be useful on board the big naval flying units. Over the jacket and trousers of asbestos fabric is a helmet with slot and a hinged flap at top to close out the heat of the flames

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

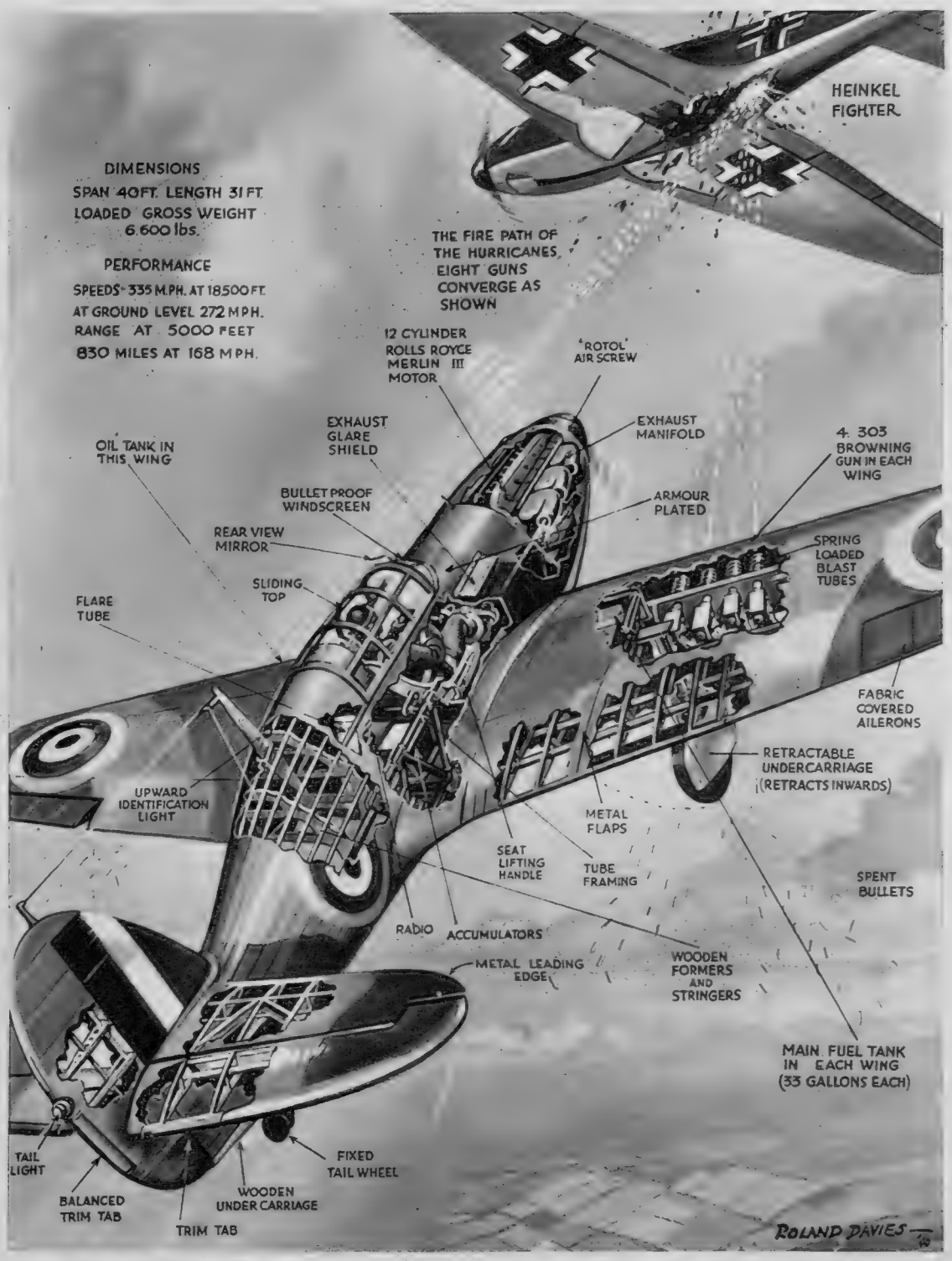
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

PHASES of the AIR WAR

Diagrams and Pictures by "Sphere" Artists

SERVICING THE GUNS ON A FIGHTER AIRCRAFT: Armourers are here busy at work on the eight machine-guns in the wings. After every flight the armament is overhauled, adjusted and checked: there must be no opportunity for error. As soon as the aeroplane lands it is at once refuelled and re-armed, ready for instant action the moment need should again arise

THE MACHINE-GUNS ARE TAKEN OUT AND CLEANED: All eight guns are fired at the same moment when the pilot presses the button on his stick. The apertures for the four guns in the leading edge of the port wing are indicated by the dark patches. The guns are reached from below the wing



THE BRITISH FIGHTER WHICH HAS SHOT DOWN MORE ENEMY PLANES THAN ANY OTHER FIGHTER IN THE R.A.F. — THE FAMOUS HAWKER HURRICANE, DESIGNED FOR SIMPLICITY AND EFFICIENCY, PLUS QUICKNESS OF PRODUCTION—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Although the Spitfire may stand higher in the estimation of many, nevertheless the Hawker Hurricane has, so far, been responsible for a greater amount of damage to the *Luftwaffe* than any other type of fighter aircraft possessed by this country. This aeroplane was designed for maximum simplicity and efficiency: and it is now being turned out by the hundred in many newly-created factories. It is chiefly notable for its speed, manœuvrability, fire power and ease of handling: its speed falls short of that of the Spitfire, it is true; nevertheless the Hurricane is capable of 335 m.p.h. at an operational height of 18,500 ft. The armament of this wonderful aircraft consists of eight machine-guns mounted in the wings; and the concentrated fire power of these is truly amazing. In some instances the hail of bullets has actually sawn off the wings of enemy bombers. For compactness, efficiency and deadliness the Hurricane is still amongst the best, and it is very well liked by the men of the R.A.F. who fly it

THE WHOLE LAYOUT OF AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON: In this diagrammatic exposition the artist has included the predictor, gun battery and ammunition dump, and the living quarters for the men. London lies away to the right—*Drawing by Harold Pym*

On left—

Around London there is a ring of positions similar to that shown here. The job of the gunners is to prevent raiding aircraft from penetrating to the Capital; and in this task they are aided by some of the finest anti-aircraft guns in production to-day, and by the wonderful new predictor (details of which, as far as is permissible, have already been given in this journal). Many of the London guns are the famous 3.7-in., whose capabilities have been well tested during these past few weeks: they are capable of sending a shell up to a very great height, and are a most powerful deterrent to enemy raiders

"FINE CONCRETE; THEY'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THIS": This was what a Colonel told Mr. Waterfield. "Is there any reason," I asked, "why you should not attack?" The Colonel smiled reprovingly. . . . He made no reply. The truth was that nobody wanted to attack; their job was to go on making concrete until the Germans took the initiative

"I CAN SEE A GERMAN BATHING": Day after day during the autumn months of 1939 and the winter months of early 1940, the French Army watched the Germans at various activities on the opposite bank of the Rhine. But they did not fire; that might have drawn the other fellow's fire!

"I WONDERED WHAT EFFECT THIS CONSTANT WATCHING HAD ON THE AVERAGE FRENCH SOLDIER": Mr. Waterfield saw these men peering out at enemy lines which no one dreamed of attacking—a curious attitude for men at war with a relentless foe; but one typical of the whole Rhine front

THE FRENCH FLYING FORCE WAS FULL OF FIGHT BUT HAD TOO FEW PLANES: At the time of the big German offensive it was outnumbered by ten to one

The German planes treated the sky as if it were their own, says Mr. Waterfield, but the French Air Force was outnumbered by 10 to 1. They could not be everywhere and their planes were slower than the Germans'. The Morane chasers could do little against the Messerschmitts. Each army had its own squadron of fighter planes for the protection of its troops but there were not enough of them—and still fewer after Germany's first bombing of the French aerodromes

ONE of the most informative of the books upon the last days of the war in France and the conditions which led up to the collapse of Army and Government is entitled *What Happened To France* (John Murray). It is from the pen of Gordon Waterfield, of Reuters' staff and war correspondent with the French Armies.

One of his most arresting chapters deals with his visit to the Rhine front where all was strangely static. This is what he records:

"When I visited the front line defences as war correspondent during those quiet months before May 10, I found all the commanding officers eager to show off their defence works. On the Rhine, north of Strasbourg, an enthusiastic colonel took me from one concrete emplacement to another; day and night soldiers were feverishly working.

"'Fine concrete,' he kept on muttering as we strode through the woods along the Rhine bank, 'they'll never get through this! Magnificent concrete!'"

Later on, Mr. Waterfield got into touch with General Buisson of whom he asked the question that was being asked by everyone at the time:

"'Why had it not been possible to stop the mechanised troops, considering how rapidly and how far the enemy were advancing from their bases; and why had it not been possible to cut the columns?' His answer was in substance as follows. The columns had been cut repeatedly, but that did not prevent more troops arriving; those tanks and armoured cars which had got through, travelling often at an average speed of 20 miles an hour, had done considerable damage before they were destroyed. The problem was therefore to stop the advance as a whole.

"In 1917 the Allies had been confronted by the same problem. It was found to be useless to throw one division after another into the gap; they were just lost. It was a question of forming a new defence line in the rear, a defence line on the Marne, while a rearguard action was being fought. A minimum of eight days was needed to form that line; to bring up troops, guns, ammunition, supplies; to make trenches and defensive positions. In 1917 the Germans had comparatively little mechanised transport and the advance was at infantry pace, perhaps 5 to 10 miles a day. But in this war the German mechanised troops were advancing at about 18 miles a day and only being kept down to that speed by a fierce rearguard action.

"From Sedan to Paris is only about 125 miles as the crow flies, a distance that could be covered in seven days, at the reckoning of 18 miles a day; Valenciennes, near

HAPPY DAYS BEHIND THE CONCRETE

It would appear that the French Command, not having desired the war with any fervour, gained a certain confidence and assurance that all was well as the months passed and no attack

WHERE THE ATTACK WAS NEVER PRESSED HOME: A view of the Saar Valley published in "The Sphere" in Sept. 1939

The COLLAPSE of the FRENCH ARMY Partly EXPLAINED

The "Mystery" of the Rhine Front as It Was Seen by Gordon Waterfield, a Reuter Correspondent, and Described in His New Book, "What Happened to France"

THERE WAS LITTLE DAMAGE DONE ON THE SAAR FRONT: One or two villages were shelled, but at no point was any advantage pressed home. Only a few scouting parties would go out at night to find out what the enemy was doing

LOUNGING ON A GRASSY SLOPE—A PUZZLE PICTURE OF 1939: When this picture was received it was described as a patrol waiting to advance. But there was an atmosphere of calm over the little group which puzzled at the time. Now it is clear that nothing was expected to occur on this front except an occasional artillery duel; "nothing to report on the Rhine front," as the French communiqués always put it

LINES PROTECTING FRANCE was made against the fortified lines. The men carried on, though they lacked the encouragement of a master mind. There were also grave mistakes as to the strength of the Meuse defences

the Franco-Belgian frontier, is only 90 miles or five days from Boulogne; Valenciennes to Amiens on the Somme is only 70 miles or four days' advance. Fortunately, said the General, the enemy had had a series of rivers to cross, such as the Meuse, Oise, Sambre and Ancre. It had been a battle of rivers, and would continue to be so, for they were the most difficult obstacles for tanks to cross in non-mountainous country.

"Defence lines against mechanised attack had to be stronger and deeper than against infantry attack, and so took longer to establish. It could be seen, therefore, that the Allies had not been given much time to consolidate themselves on the Oise and then on the Somme. Then again, the Allies should have been able to bring up troops, guns and supplies more quickly than in the last war, but transport was held up on the roads and the railways as a result of the refugees and the constant bombing."

Another vivid "first hand" chapter records a visit to the French airmen when the fight was on.

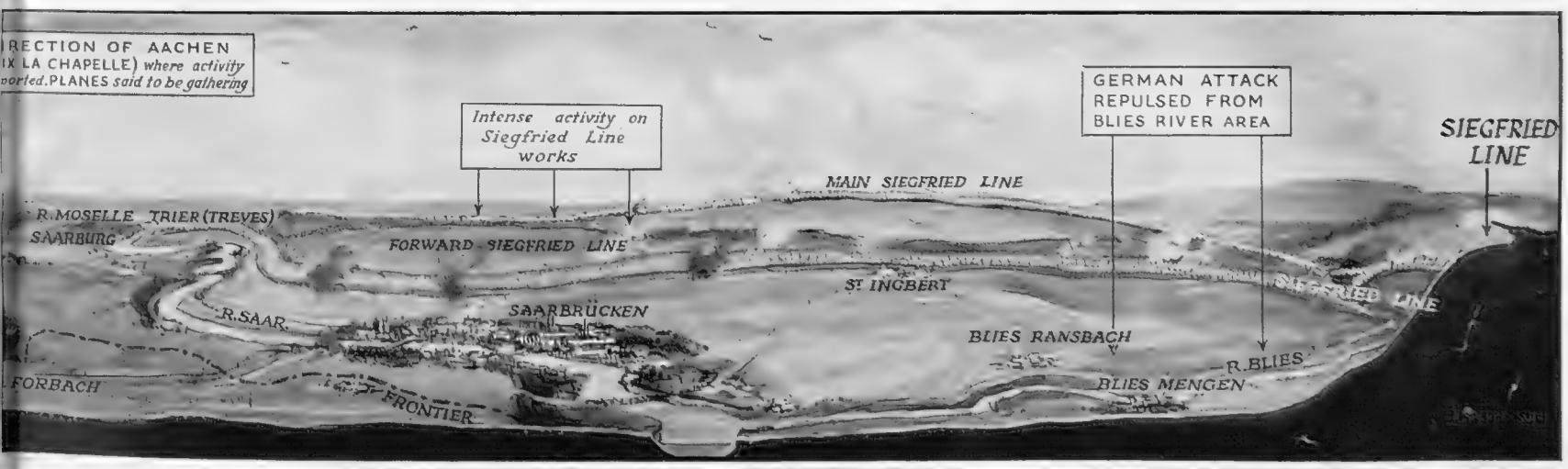
"'Oh, yes,' an airman had said, as I looked at some of the holes in his plane, which were as big as a man's body, 'Fritz has some good anti-aircraft guns. He makes it pretty hot for us whenever we go over.'

"With the prospect of going up in an hour's time, these young men seemed to me even braver than they had at the time they told me their stories." The author himself got permission to make a flight in a night bomber.

Mr. Waterfield found that the French flying units were sound, with very few exceptions; that the men were keen and did what they could with the material at their command. But the Germans had more than ten times the number of French aeroplanes; and at the outset the enemy bombed the French aerodromes to such effect that a number of them were put out of commission.

What Happened to France is no doubt a book to be read at the present time.

"THOSE TAKEN FROM THE MAGINOT LINE MUST HAVE FELT VERY EXPOSED": Here officers and men lived for long spells; what the effect on the fighting forces living such a sheltered life must have been is better left to the imagination



Again and again it seemed during the first weeks of the French local successes in the Saar Valley that some forward movement must be made, but it is now clear that this was never intended. Forbach, which is on the French side of the frontier, was conceded to the Germans and the opportunity for a dramatic stroke was lost. If Fortune had smiled, the German advance through Luxembourg might have been checked; and in any case the holding of the Saar Valley would have been very disturbing to the German plans

Drawing by Montague Dawson

AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS ASSIST THE ROYAL NAVY IN ITS HUGE SWEEP OF ITALIAN WATERS: In its 1,800 miles sweep just concluded, Britain's Mediterranean Fleet was assisted by its aircraft-carriers. Aeroplanes from these were able to carry out valuable reconnaissances and also to beat off tentative attacks by Italian bombers. On three occasions enemy planes "shadowing" the Fleet were shot down by aircraft launched from the carriers, and another was destroyed by A.A. fire. The presence of an aircraft-carrier with a Squadron makes a tremendous difference in its method of operation; normally the Fleet would have been bombed many times. During its recent sweep, however, its freedom of manœuvre was guaranteed by the aeroplanes of the Fleet Air Arm

The NAVY Sweeps the MEDITERRANEAN

Eighteen Hundred Miles Swept Clear of Enemy Craft, During Recent Operations by the Royal Navy

THE SENIOR SERVICE IS ALSO THE SILENT SERVICE: Little is heard of its activities, but night and day its men and ships are busy on their war-time duties. This destroyer, with every man at his post, is steaming at top speed

THESE ARE THE GUNS THE ITALIANS WON'T FACE: A salvo being fired from the 15-in. guns of a battleship of the Mediterranean Fleet. The Italian Navy, so far, has earned nothing but derision for the manner in which it has consistently refused action

A SMALL PORTION OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET AT ANCHOR IN PORT AFTER EXERCISES AT SEA

As around the shores of Britain and in the vast Atlantic, the Royal Navy is still supreme in the Mediterranean. The great inland sea which Mussolini has claimed as his own has just been swept by naval units, and once again the Italian Navy has refused to join action

THE FAMOUS HARBOUR AT VALETTA, WHICH HAS STOOD FOR SO MUCH IN BRITISH NAVAL HISTORY

As one of Britain's naval bases, Malta harbour has occupied a position which justifies its magnificent defence. On the highway to India and Hong Kong, it has been visited by countless British warships, until the island and the Navy have become one in interest and sentiment. Naval wives and families have lived in the town while the husbands have been on duty, until parts of Valetta have become little parts of England

BRAVE MALTA

"You will Make the Defence of Malta Glorious in British Military History"

—The Prime Minister's Message to Malta

THE defence of Malta against the Italians, whose Air Force has made the small island its constant target, has aroused the greatest admiration. It had long been realised that the close proximity of Italy would inevitably bring upon the island the harsh trial of constant air attacks. The steadfast way in which the Maltese have carried on in spite of almost daily air raids has been recognised by the Prime Minister in the message which he sent to the Governor :

"The Cabinet watch with constant attention the resolute defence which your garrison and the people of Malta are making of the famous fortress and island. I have the conviction that you will make that defence glorious in British military history, and also in the history of Malta itself."

The proud confidence of Mr. Winston Churchill was much appreciated by Malta, whose Acting Governor, General Dobbie, sent the stout reply, worthy of Drake and Raleigh. "We are fully determined, with God's help, to maintain the integrity of this part of the British Empire, whatever happens, and, whether the time be short or long, have every confidence in final victory."

A considerable British force, together with the Royal Malta Artillery, forms the garrison, assisted by the R.A.F., whose magnificent work is fully appreciated by all the citizens of Malta. The British fighters never fail to attack the Italian bombers whenever they appear, driving them back, and getting them down. In spite of the 140 raids surprisingly little damage has been done, and few military objectives hit. The enemy claimed to have struck and destroyed an important railway, whereas it was only a tiny line chiefly for tourist traffic, leading to the old capital. By the end of July the R.A.F. had brought down twenty-one Italian planes, with only one loss of their own. The Maltese are so convinced of the important value of the R.A.F. fighters that they have subscribed £12,000 for the purchase of fighter planes.

A famous day in Maltese history is celebrated every September 8, which commemorates the tremendous victory over the Turks in 1565. Lord Lloyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies, took the opportunity of broadcasting to Malta on the eve of that day. "This date stirs every Maltese heart, for on that day far away down the long paths of history nearly 400 years ago the Maltese people threw back the enemy whose full might had been directed to battering down the defences of their beloved island. Malta, standing side by side with her sister island, Great Britain, and the great territories of British democracies oversea, is again called upon to withstand the onslaught of the enemy."

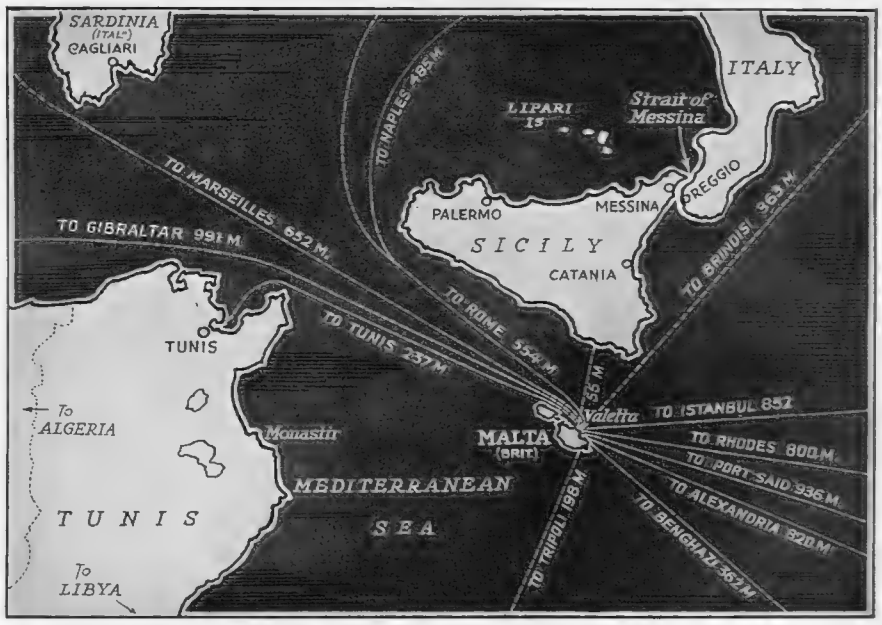
Lying as it does in the central part of the Mediterranean, Malta has had many owners, passing from the Phœnicians to the Greeks; then to Carthage, who had to yield to Rome; the Vandals and Goths held it for a time till Rome recovered it. The Saracens established a government there when Mohammedanism was spreading over Africa, till they were expelled by the Normans, who were occupying Sicily. Spain subsequently gained possession and retained it until 1530 when the Emperor Charles V handed it over to the Order of Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who had just been driven from their home on the island of Rhodes.

The Turks made a determined effort to thrust out the Knights from Malta in 1565, when for four months the heroic knights and people of Malta fought a cruel and relentless foe. As a correspondent to *The Times* points out, the civilian population took a prominent part, a tablet beneath the wall of the new fort of St. Elmo bearing the words "To the glorious memory of the children who, during the siege of 1565, sacrificed their lives by the side of their elders for faith and country."

After the Turks were driven off, the Knights of St. John maintained their sway until the appearance of Napoleon Bonaparte, on his way to Egypt. Owing to internal dissensions, Bonaparte occupied the island with ease, and during his stay of seven days abolished the historic Order, which never regained possession. Subsequently captured by the English, it has remained part of the British Empire, at the particular wish of the Maltese people.

Though few military objectives have suffered from the continual visits of Italian bombers, the civil population have had to endure destruction of property, though fortunately the loss of life has not been great. The rocky nature of the island has made cellars and caves available of great natural strength, proving the most suitable of air-raid shelters. The absence of the British Navy, too, has brought great financial loss, so a Malta Relief Fund has been opened for the sufferers. They were much moved when Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean, sent a message saying that all the officers and men of the Fleet wished to contribute to the Fund, adding that "Malta is much in our thoughts, and the well-being of the people of Malta is a matter about which the Mediterranean Fleet is much concerned."

There was great joy when some of the huge British warships steamed into the harbour at the beginning of September, after having cruised the whole length of the Mediterranean without sighting a single Italian ship. The ships brought all kinds of supplies and equipment required, but the very vision of the ships alone was heartening, "Malta being as much a part of the Fleet as a battleship," according to the *Maltese Times*.



ONLY FIFTY-FIVE MILES FROM ITALIAN SICILIAN TERRITORY: Malta has stood up against the bombing by the Italian planes, whose bases are near at hand, in remarkably courageous fashion. The position of Malta geographically and strategically is shown here. The island is nearly midway between Gibraltar on the one hand and Alexandria on the other. Tunis and Algeria are now under the control of the Vichy Government

A VIEW OF KINGSWAY, VALETTA, WHICH WAS FORMERLY KNOWN AS STRADA REALE: Despite the closeness of the war in the Mediterranean, life from day to day has been carried on with remarkable sangfroid by the inhabitants of Valetta and the surrounding Maltese communities. The principal Maltese vernacular newspaper, *Berka*, welcomes the renaming in English of streets bearing Italianised names. It says: "The Maltese are British citizens, wholly unconnected with Italy in race and language. They have for years been subjected to Mussolini's calculated distortion of history"

THE VAST TERRITORY OF THE BELGIAN CONGO WITH ITS GIANT RIVER SYSTEM AND ITS HUGE FOREST-COVERED PLATEAU

The River is the outstanding physical feature of this territory. As regards commerce and navigation, the Congo may be divided into three parts—lower, middle, and upper. The lower region extends from Banana at the mouth to the foot of the first rapids, a distance of 110 miles. Ocean steamers, drawing not more than 1 navigate this portion. The middle or cataract region extends from Pool, a distance of about 235 miles. A portion of this part of the r Issangila to Manyanga, a distance of 70 miles, is navigable for sma iron whaleboats. The upper region from Stanley Pool to Sta an extent of 1,068 miles of navigable water for steamers of exceeding 4 ft. The length of navigable tributaries which enter of the river has been calculated at over 3,000 miles, forming a unique system of waterways. In the north-east district is indicated the Route Royale, 700 miles long, one of the finest highways in all Africa. This wonderful roadway stretches from the Nile area to the Belgian frontier at Bangassou

A BELGIAN HIGHWAY THROUGH TROPICAL FOREST: The Belgian Congo is remarkable for some of the best roads in Africa. The Route Royale, described on this page, is perhaps the most striking. It is possible to reach Nigeria and French Equatorial Africa by way of this highway, on which the traveller may often get alluring glimpses of wild game. *Below*—A big store in Leopoldville, the Belgian Congo's busy capital

THE great Belgian highway, which is one of the remarkable man-made features of the country, is well described by Captain Owen Tweedy in his *By Way of the Sahara*, a volume in which he describes his journey in a small car from Rejaf to Algiers. The route goes by way of Aba to Buta which is a great central position for African traffic.

"The Belgians are justly proud," writes Captain Tweedy, "of their roads. We were on the 'Route Royale' which they built from the Nile to the Congo during the occupation of the Lado Enclave. Every kilometre of its 700 miles is marked with a stone, and every 40 kilometres or so we found a *case des cantonniers*, numbered according to its position. These road camps are the backbone of the Belgian maintenance service. A white Public Works official periodically tours the whole length from Buta to Aba. Where he finds the surface damaged, he orders the native authority to mobilise the necessary quota for the repairs."

Of course, everything in this world has its particular difficulties, and those of the route seem to be the rivers which one encounters from time to time.

"We were still descending into the Congo Basin; and, in a country which hourly became greener and more luxuriant, time and the perfect 'Route Royale' slipped by us delightfully. Dungu was a stop with a vengeance. In the middle of the village our road switched suddenly to the south and ran headlong into a huge river—the Kibale."

Considerable tact as well as mechanical skill has to be employed in the negotiating of the various streams, but all were eventually overcome.

"An English mission station nestling in the shade of a gorgeous wild park of coconut palms on a bluff commanding the dark waters of the River Uele was passed on the way to Bambili, and so to some flat river-basin country; it was sweltering hot, and our beautiful 'Route Royale' was being repaired and re-aligned, with the result that the surface was far from even. Buta is a typical European town in Africa. It sprawls far and wide; it has vast boulevards sparsely flanked by houses; we passed an enormous Belgian mission, complete with school—incidentally, it was the only Government school we met all the time we were in the Congo; we saw the headquarters of the Belgian Congo Cotton Company, and we passed through a main street hedged with shops of all kinds."

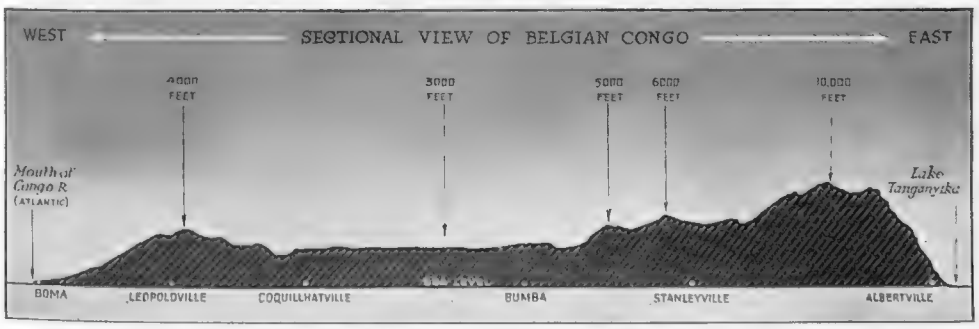
than 18 ft., can safely
ds from Vivi to Stanley
of the river, viz., from
for small steamers or
to Stanley Falls has
rs of a draught not
enter in this section

BRITAIN TO HAVE CLOSER RELATIONS WITH THE BELGIAN CONGO

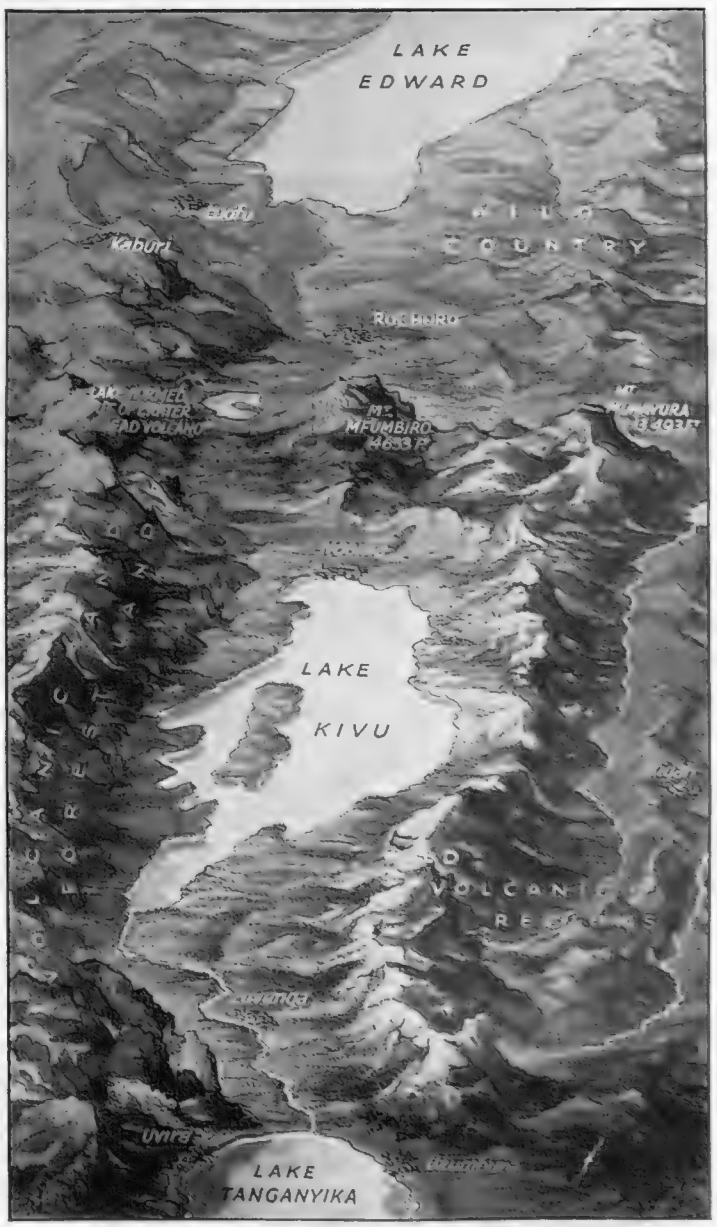
THE NATIVE FISHING INDUSTRY is well typified by this scene in a village of the Wagenya, a tribe which fishes the Congo at Stanley Falls. A half completed basket net appears in the foreground

A few days ago Lord Hailey arrived in Leopoldville at the head of a British mission whose aim is to establish closer relations with the Belgian Congo. A British Military Mission had already reached the capital of the Belgian colony. A new broadcasting service of British news has been inaugurated

THE WILD GAME OF THE BELGIAN CONGO: The north-eastern section of the Belgian colony is particularly rich in wild game. Here is a picture taken above the Ruchuru River where groups of hippopotami are seen watering. *Below* is an air view of a lake in the crater of a dead volcano to the north of Lake Kivu



A CROSS SECTION THROUGH THE BELGIAN CONGO TERRITORY: The outstanding feature of the colony, after the giant river and its tributary system, is the central plateau, some 3,000 ft. above sea level. It is bordered by mountains both on the east and the west, the former rising in places to 10,000 ft. and the latter rising to 4,000 ft.



THE EASTERN LAKE AND MOUNTAIN FRONTIERS OF THE BELGIAN CONGO TERRITORY: The Eastern region, which runs along part of the great African Rift, touches some of the great lakes, and further north Lake Kivu, which is a volcanic region of the greatest interest

SYRIA THREATENED BY THE AXIS POWERS

Held Uncertainly by the Weak Vichy Government, the Fate of Syria Hangs Momentarily in the Balance

By ALAN HOUGHTON BRODRICK

"The mountain mass of Lebanon is not only a physical island but also a spiritual one, for about one-half of its population is Christian, the only compact Christian community in all the vast stretch of Islam from Samarkand to Senegal"

AS you fly westwards across the world's desert belt which is the zone of Islam, that religion of the sands, the only green hills you see from the Indian desert to the fields of Tunisia are those of the Lebanon, rising like an island from the tawny wastes. The mountainous mass is not only a physical island but also a spiritual one, for about one-half of its population is Christian, the only compact Christian community in all the vast stretch of Islam from Samarkand to Senegal. These Christians are a mixed lot—Maronites, Roman Catholics, Orthodox and Armenians—but their existence among a mass of Syrian Muslims shows how complicated are the political problems of Syrian administration.

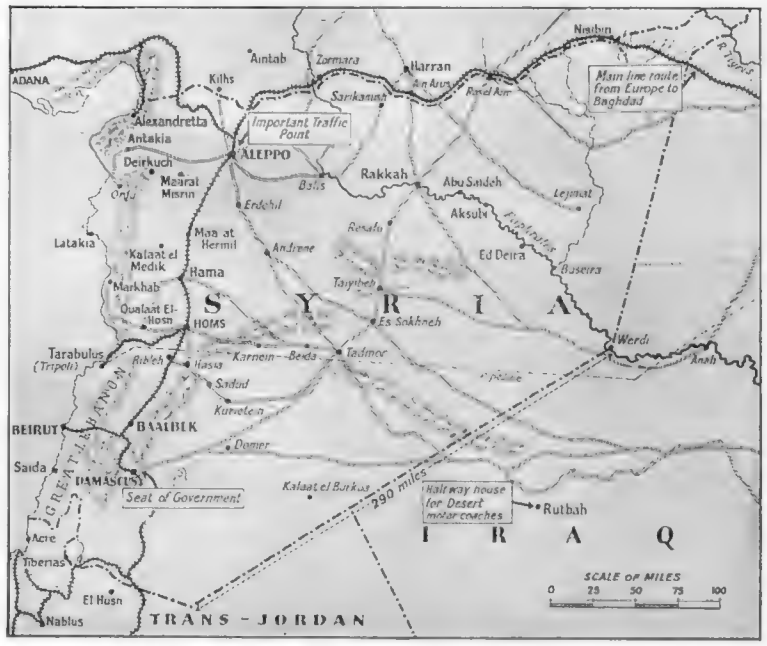
The French have governed Syria on the *Divide et Impera* system. We conquered the country in 1918. The French, however, have a long tradition of interest in Syria. The kingdom of Jerusalem, the principality of Antioch, the county of Edessa and all the fragile glories of that strange and fleeting empire of the Orient that the Baldwins and Godfreys and their Franks set up on Syrian soil were French things. The Gothic churches and the medieval strongholds such as the Krak des Chevaliers still exist to prove how ancient is French influence in Syria. In more modern times the French missionary and educational activities in the country have been predominant, so, by inter-allied accord, the French received the whole of Syria as a mandate from the League of Nations.

From the first they met with grave difficulties. Damascus had already welcomed the Emir Feisal as ruler. The Turks were fomenting trouble in the north. Throughout the country the existence of an autonomous Arab principality at Damascus raised high hopes of Syrian independence from European control. Feisal was elected King of Syria in March, 1920, before the French could do anything about it. Revolt against the mandatory power flared up everywhere. The French realised that they had to conquer their mandate. It took a year's fighting before the Turks withdrew northwards to their home, sullenly resentful at the inclusion in French territory of the Sanjak of Alexandretta where their nationals constitute the largest single ethnical group. The anti-French movement was not suppressed until Damascus had been bombarded and King Feisal had fled, later on, to become King of Iraq.

Syria was then divided into six districts under a High Commissioner stationed at Beirut on the Mediterranean coast. The divisions were, the Greater Lebanon (with Beirut as an autonomous unit), Alawiya, Aleppo with the Sanjak of Alexandretta, Damascus with the Jebel ed Druz and the "Military Territories," that is, the desert.

The next excitement was afforded by the haggling with Great Britain over the Mosul oil, for the Near East had become potentially one of the world's greatest oil-fields and their centre, Mosul, had fallen into our sphere of influence. Perhaps the French had not realised the importance of Iraq oil concessions which had been obtained from the Sultan's government before the Four Years War. After protracted negotiations, the French were allocated one-quarter of the Mosul oil. A separate French pipe-line was constructed branching off from the main line at Kirkuk and reaching the sea at Syrian Tripoli. This line has, of course, been cut since France's defection so that no oil now gets through.

Oil has altered the face of the Near East and has made the deserts of Iraq and Syria a fiercely coveted zone. The age-old way of life of the Beduin has been changed. Miserably poor but patriarchally dignified local sheiks have turned into flashy imitations of Levantine parvenus.



BORDERED BY THE SEA AND THE DESERT, the area of the French mandate of Syria has now been invaded by Italian commissioners and German "tourists." All the fertile stretches are in the west. To the east is the great sandy or stony waste which stretches to the Euphrates. The map shows the position of the pipe-line which is no longer sending a quota of oil through Syria to Tripoli. The Polish Brigade and a number of French airmen recently escaped southwards into Palestine in the direction of Nablus

Where twenty years ago men lived in black camel's-hair tents, now they roll about the desert in motor-cars. The whole of the scattered population in the waterless wilderness from the Bahrein Islands to Beirut has become oil-conscious. Those natives who do not directly benefit from the new state of things do so indirectly by levying blackmail on the oil companies and by threatening to cut the pipe-lines.

Although the man of the desert you see in the streets of Bagdad or Damascus has become a pretty sophisticated fellow he cannot yet vie in guile with the town "Arab." Your Damascene or man of Beirut is about as difficult a creature to govern or to rely upon as may be found on this earth. His idea of independence is too often a state wherein all the town-dwellers shall live by and on political graft.

The Syrians found the Turkish yoke heavy, yet last year when I was in Syria many of them had the bravado to say that they would rather have the Turks back than a continuance of French rule — so quickly do Orientals sense which way the wind is blowing.

The old regime of the Sultans, whatever its faults may have been, stood no nonsense from the

(Cont. on page 96)

THE HISTORIC CITY OF DAMASCUS WITH ITS STATELY DOMES AND MINARETS, NOW UNDER CONTROL FROM VICHY

Stretching out from among the encircling peach orchards, the silhouette of the city presents a very romantic appearance. Damascus figured conspicuously in the last war when Lawrence and his Arabs rode in and took possession of the city after the defeat of the Turkish forces. The Arab forces had been working on the British flank and by a victorious dash rushed into the city ahead of anyone else. At the present moment the city is overrun with Axis propaganda, and no public meetings are allowed

The BALLOON in CONVOY

How the Royal Navy Is Beating the Dive-Bomber When on Convoy Duties Around Britain

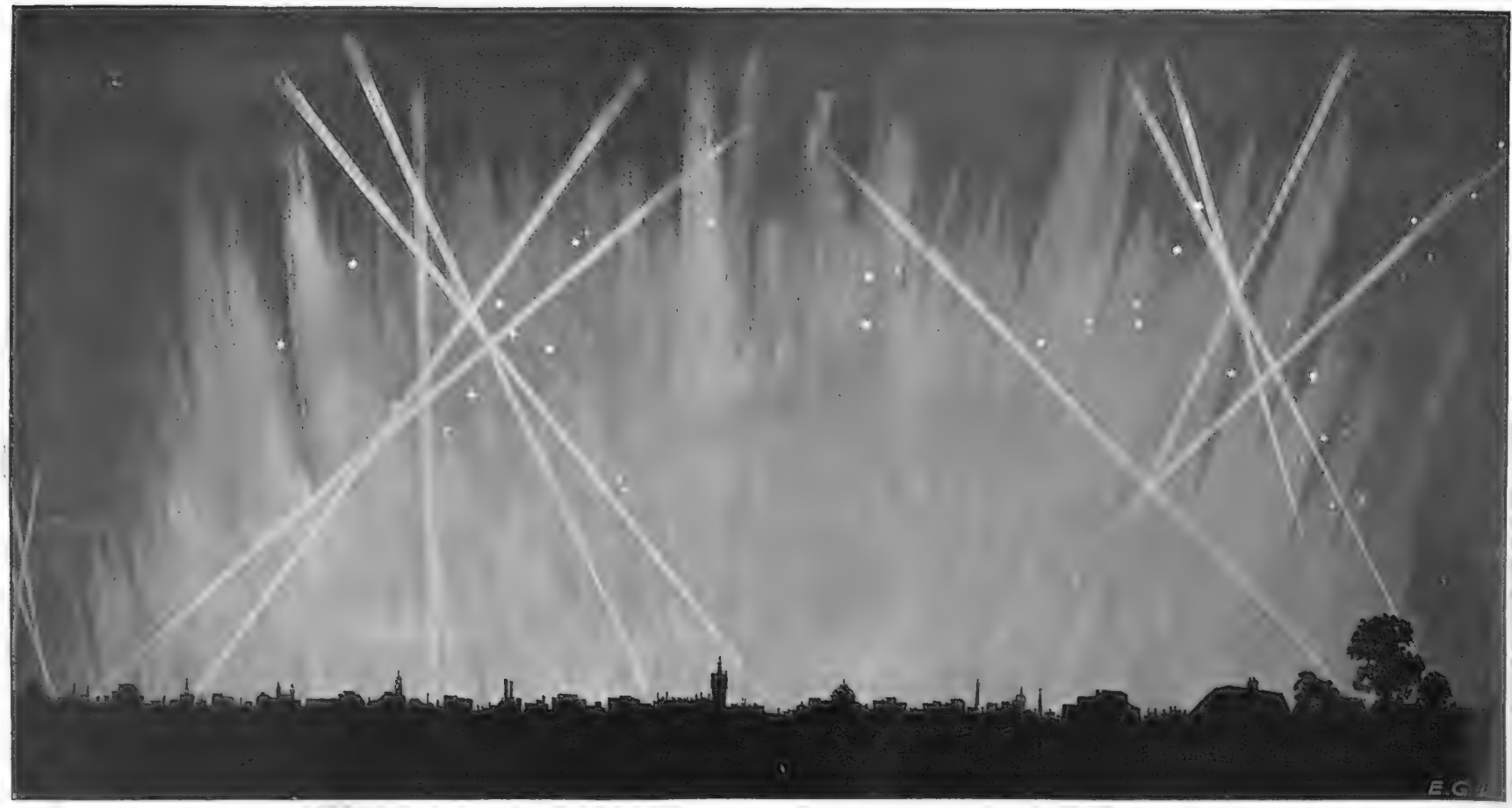
HOW THE BALLOON IS USED AT SEA: Securely fastened to one of the Convoy vessels, it is flown whenever danger from the German dive-bombers is threatened. The balloon is a powerful deterrent against low-flying and precision bombing

ALL READY TO GO UP: This is the method by which the balloon is secured to its strong base on board the R.A.F. boat

As a still further protection against attacks from the air, vessels sailing in Convoy are now equipped with barrage balloons against the dive-bomber. The technique of the bomber pilot is to swoop at great speed almost vertically over his intended victim, to flatten out at the very last moment, and then discharge his bombs from a very low altitude. The balloons are an effective answer to these low-level attacks, for dive-bombing under these conditions becomes an extremely risky business. In fact, the one thing the dive-bomber hates more than anything else is the balloon: this is demonstrated by the enemy's numerous and determined attempts to destroy them at Dover and other places, where he wishes to carry out precision bombing. The balloons are flown by patrol vessels, which are all manned by R.A.F. personnel. These are the first pictures, taken from close-up, which have been released for publication

A PICTURE TAKEN FROM AN R.A.F. PATROL VESSEL (which is armed against attack from the air) showing how the balloon is flown at sea

SWAYING IN THE STIFF SEA BREEZE, and with dangling cables, the balloons now flown from the decks of vessels in the Convoy have already frustrated a number of enemy dive-bombing attacks



A NEW WEAPON TO DEFEAT THE NIGHT BOMBER?: This was tried out a few nights ago over London when conditions were, apparently, favourable for its operation. Thousands of people during the early hours of the night saw one of the most brilliant searchlight displays there has yet been in London. It lit up a tremendous area of sky, giving almost daylight visibility. Then shells, which cast a vivid red glow, shot up the searchlight beams with a curious screeching sound. The whole display was so effective that it drove off the first batch of raiders and sent them scuttling back to their bases. The pilots dropped their bombs at random before breaking away from the barrage. This defence is believed to be the first of a new series of such weapons

AIR COMMENTARY BY CHARLES G. GREY (Founder of "The Aeroplane")

The PROBLEM of AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION

The Nuisance Bomber must be Beaten in the Workshops: Here are some of the Methods Already in Operation to Achieve this

MORE and more, week by week, the fact is being driven into the people of this country that this is a man-hour war. And the Germans know it. The nation which can keep up the man-hours worked in its armament factories, and especially in its aircraft factories, will have a very great advantage over the nation in which the man-hours are cut down because the workers go to their air-raid shelters whenever raid warnings are sounded. Which is why, as certain of our own munition areas know well, one or two German aeroplanes keep on cruising round all night, dropping few bombs, but telling the area that enemy aircraft are there and *may* drop things.

Wisely or unwisely our newspapers have been allowed to discuss the problem freely and at great length, and so the Germans are told how important it seems to us. Our Air Ministry and the Ministry of Home Security and the Ministry of Information orders us to keep silent about so many subjects and events which might—judged by any ordinary understanding—be told for the good of our people and of our repute with foreign nations, that I personally could have forgiven them for shutting down on this subject which, they might have argued, would be likely to cause alarm and despondency in this country and might comfort and encourage the enemy. But with that quaint inconsistency which is so English (rather than British) the Press has been allowed to run wide open.

Obviously roof-watchers, by day or night, are only a palliative and not a protection. The workers who depend on the roof-watcher have at least the satisfaction that if he makes a mistake he is the first to feel the result. And yet he may not. He may be lucky, as was a friend of mine who, after the great earthquake in Japan some ten or fifteen years ago, wrote, "Having descended *from* the top floor of the Imperial Hotel in Yokohama *with* the top floor of the Imperial Hotel in Yokohama, I am now in Shanghai."

Nevertheless, the system does work, because it saves a few hours here and a few hours there, which add up to a lot in a week, whereas, if everybody went into the shelters as soon as an area-warning was sounded whole days would be lost. And think of the millions of man-hours and girl-hours which would be lost if every workshop went out of action whenever an enemy raider came up or down the Thames Estuary and the sirens sounded all over London.

There is a vast difference between one shop and another, and the difference depends largely on the leadership of the management—very often purely a matter of whether the workers like their boss personally and believe in him.

In one shop, not a big aircraft factory, the men used to knock off as soon as the sirens went, and sit outside smoking or playing cards so long as the "warning" or "alert" was on. But if it were still on when the dinner-hour came, they had no objection to going up to the top floor to the canteen. Those are the sort who justify the argument of some employers that the men should draw no pay for time off in the shelters during the warnings.

I met the contrast to that a week or so ago when I went to see an old, but quite young, friend who is the chief, and the creator, of a very big business. The workshop hands had already had their midday meal, and his two departmental chiefs and I were lunching when the two roof-watchers sent down a "blue" warning. Forthwith the machine-shop workers trooped into the safety-rooms, or the stronghold as the chief calls it, 20 ft. below ground level. I may add that the roof of the ground floor is calculated to carry the weight of all the floors above if they collapse on top of it, so the stronghold is very safe.

Then the "red" warning came, and the essential staff went to ground also. Very soon afterwards there was a rumble of engines close by, which, as usual, sounded overhead. The roof-watchers certainly had judged it beautifully.

Then the guns began to bark, firing by sound through the clouds. From our rather elevated dining-room window we could see one battery at work, and very pretty it was; and believe it or not, while the guns were blazing away, some eighteen or twenty of the gun-crews who were off duty were gaily playing soccer, with one touch-line not 20 yards from a gun-emplacement. They never even stopped running to look up when salvos were fired. With Drake they evidently believed that there was plenty of time to finish their ball-game and beat the enemy.

By then we had finished lunch, and after a visit to the roof-watchers, who had good reasons for everything they did, we went downstairs. When we got there all but the last few dozen of the shop-workers were already at work and the rest were streaming in to join them. And that raid lost about half an hour's work all round. The "All Clear" for the area sounded just when I got home, about three hours later—after a tour of the works.

THE R.A.F.'S NEW V.C. RETURNS TO DUTY: SERGEANT HANNAH, FRESH FROM HOSPITAL, IN THE GUN COCKPIT OF HIS BOMBER: Operating from the same base in England as another V.C. airman, Flight-Lieut. Learoyd, Sergeant Hannah was awarded the Victoria Cross for his conspicuous bravery during an attack on enemy barge concentrations at Antwerp on September 15. He was the wireless-operator-air-gunner of a Handley Page Hampden which received a direct hit from an incendiary shell. Fire enveloped his compartment and, with two petrol tanks pierced, there was every danger of the fire spreading. Though burned about the face and eyes, Sergeant Hannah beat out the flames, and by his action made it possible for the pilot to bring the Hampden back to its base, where the eighteen-year-old hero was promptly sent to hospital. He is now recovered from his burns, and received the V.C. from the King a few days ago

Perhaps I may be allowed here to congratulate the chief aforesaid of this concern, on the excellence of all his arrangements—canteens, clinics, and everything else—for the welfare of his workers, as well as on the organisation of the workshops.

But however strong strongholds may be, and however safe the safety rooms, they do not make up lost man-hours. The only cure for that is stopping the raiders, especially the night raiders.

In clear weather the day raiders are chiefly important as providing exercise in fighting tactics for our fighters. Though we have to admit that they have made our South and South-East health resorts unhealthy, they have affected our man-hours comparatively little because so few of them reach our munition areas. But in cloudy weather odd machines dodging in and out of the clouds may do more actual damage, besides wasting more man-hours, than do the big formations in clear weather. And in the winter when the enemy may come over and bomb blind through the clouds still more man-hours may be wasted in taking cover during periods when "Danger overhead" is notified.

The only way to stop bombing is by still stronger counter-bombing. Lord Trenchard has been preaching that doctrine ever since war was declared, among people who are supposed to matter. But the politicians were too strong for him—and, I suspect, for Sir Cyril Newall, who, as General Trenchard's right-hand man in the great Independent Air Force of 1918, was one of the first Air Officers, as we now call the R.A.F. equivalent of a General Officer, to have experience of organised bombing of munition areas.

Some people in official places are now talking of hewing aircraft factories out of mountain sides, and hewing dwellings for the workshop hands *and* their families alongside them—like those healthy, sanitary towns in Spain which are hewn out of hillsides, and are so cool in the summer and so warm in the winter. There is much in favour of being a troglodyte.

The scheme was discussed years ago in the aircraft trade, but nobody took it seriously. Even the Germans did not. The Heinkel works at Oranienburg, 20 miles north of Berlin, which I visited in 1938, then their star factory, was just as wide open to bombing as any of ours.

But even putting the factories and all the workers underground is only a means to an end, which must be to defeat the enemy. And to do that we need new weapons, better and faster aeroplanes, more powerful guns and bombs, and new ideas generally.

Lord Beaverbrook has already done good work in departing from precedent. I am told that he has defied the technicians of the Air Ministry by ordering aeroplanes and aero-engines from firms outside the sacred circle of "Approved Designing Firms"—altogether there are, I believe, about sixteen firms, who were approved by the Air Ministry, for the designing and building of both aeroplanes and motors.

These Design Firms, called The Family by their friends, and The Ring by their enemies, certainly have tried, and very naturally, to keep new design and experiment in the family, as it were, and the Air Ministry technicians have backed them up, because they do not want to be bothered by dozens of new designs, even though among them a real winner might be found. I knew of several new designs which ought to have been ordered, if only for experimental work, possibly with a view to improving existing types. But no outside design has been ordered for the R.A.F., beyond a few light training-machines, for probably twenty years. And, after all, the family cannot have all the brains.

This policy, and the policy of Labour in relation to the Aircraft Industry, remind me of a phrase in an American book called *Labour's Civil War*, in which the author, Mr. Herbert Harris, accuses the rival factions of "moving toward a double suicide of majestic stupidity."

And that sizes up much of what is still going on. Trade jealousies and scientific cliques and technical conservatism or stupidity (nobody is more stupid than your self-satisfied highbrow) on the one hand, and the equally inflexible conservatism of Labour about its rights, its suspicions (justifiable) of wage-slavery, its claims to the freedom of the individual (when the pick of our young men are conscripts in one or other of the Fighting Services) may be dignified to the point of being majestic, but they are stupid—and they all mean suicide if they are allowed to persist.

Meantime, some of the best brains in the R.A.F.—and, I presume, among our scientists—are working on that problem of bringing down the night bombers. I hope they will find something, but the only right thing to do is to go and get them where they are made. Day after day we hear of ports and railways and goods-yards being bombed, and less of attacks on the big aircraft factories. Their machine-shops may be dispersed all over Germany, as they were largely three or four years ago, but aeroplanes can only be put together in fairly big assembly plants, and those are the places to attack.

Possibly the increased use in Germany of what we now call dispersal factories, rather than shadow factories, accounts for their bombing of what one of our newspapers calls "targets in this country that are destitute of military importance . . . beauty spots, inoffensive villages, remote little towns, and open country." In Germany a beauty spot in a forest probably has a machine-shop in it. An inoffensive village may have a regular cottage industry making small parts. A remote little town probably has a sub-assembly plant—I know of several such in the Stuttgart area. And no doubt the Germans give us credit for being as sensible as they are. Our majestic stupidity differs from their particular kinds of stupidity—of which, thank God, they have plenty—for if not they would have won the war by now—just as they ought to have won the last war in 1916.

THE BADGE OF THE NEW AMERICAN "EAGLE SQUADRON" OF THE R.A.F.: An all-American Fighter Squadron has now entered the war in defence of Britain. Thirty-four young United States pilots now in this country have been authorised by the Air Council to form their own complete squadron and to operate as a complete American unit of the R.A.F., using our latest types of aircraft. Honorary commanding officer is Colonel Charles Sweeney, a veteran of many wars in all parts of the world. The commanding officer is Squadron-Leader W. E. G. Taylor, thirty-five years old and Kansas born. The United States pilots do not lose American nationality, but they have to enrol in Canada: only those with at least 250 flying hours are being accepted. Later on, it is not unlikely that bomber, as well as fighter, squadrons will be formed. The badge of the Eagle Squadron consists of a spread eagle with the letters "E.S.": it is worn on the right arm of their R.A.F. uniform

WHEN ICE FORMS ON THE WINGS AND CONTROLS OF AN AIRCRAFT: This is one of many weather problems with which Nazi bombers over Britain will have to contend during the coming winter

---

The prevailing wind during the winter comes from the Atlantic and brings with it considerable moisture: the lower temperatures convert this moisture into ice. An aircraft flying in such an ice-forming layer and unable to escape to a warmer level soon becomes uncontrollable. Apart from the freezing up of the carburetter, ice forms on the wings and controls: the latter cannot, under such conditions, function normally, and control of the aircraft therefore becomes a hazardous affair. But, more than this, the ice forming on the wings alters the flow of air over the upper surfaces which impart "lift" to the whole aircraft. This, to a heavy bomber, is so serious that there must be a cessation of activity when icing-up conditions prevail.

Bad visibility is another serious problem; without any guide during the outward journey the bomber cannot locate his target: even if he should reach this, by using rough and ready methods of computation, he cannot know within miles exactly where he is. His bombs therefore must be dropped at random. And then he has the equally difficult and dangerous task of finding his way back over hostile territory.

The problem of high winds or sudden squalls is usually allied with that of bad visibility. For a heavily laden bomber to take off at night in a very high wind is a most dangerous operation: first, there is only a flare-path for the pilot to follow—he cannot see beyond this; then there is the gale which must be fought all the way up, and it must not be forgotten that the slightest miscalculation will cause a crash and a consequent explosion of the bomb load. In the daytime this is a difficult enough problem, with its danger of a sudden stall and consequent forced landing: at night time it is well nigh impossible in such conditions.

Drawings by Roland Davies.

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL REASONS FOR THE OCCASIONAL CESSATION IN THE NIGHT BOMBING OF LONDON: Driving rain and sleet which reduce visibility almost to nil, and wind at almost gale force which renders take-off and landing almost impossible for the heavily-laden bombers

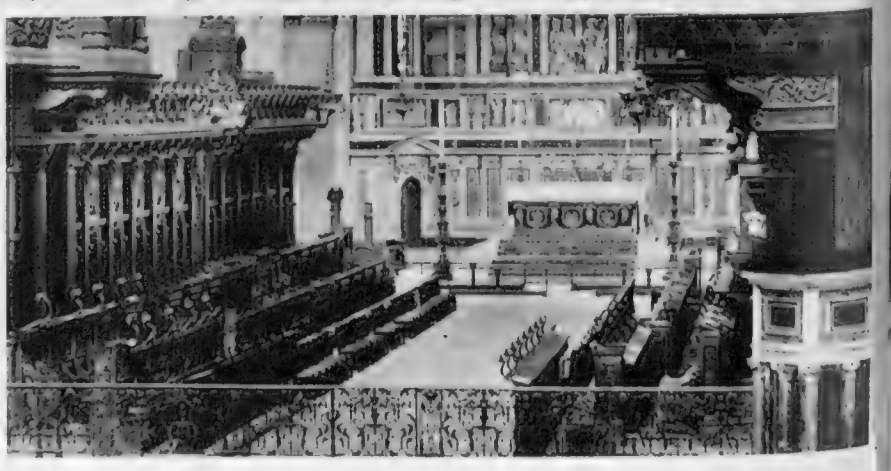
THE DAMAGE TO THE HIGH ALTAR IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: The bomb which fell on St. Paul's Cathedral last week penetrated a part of the coffered archway above the Choir and fell directly on to the Altar which occupied a position slightly detached from the great Reredos which dominated the eastern end of the Cathedral

THE BISHOP'S CHAIR AND THE GREAT BRONZE CANDLESTICKS: The Chair was tilted back by the blast. So were the great bronze candlesticks copied from the tomb of Henry VIII at Windsor

STONEWORK FROM THE COFFERED ARCH LYING ON THE MARBLE PAVEMENT IN FRONT OF THE ALTAR: A mass of heavy stone was discovered lying on the High Altar and the polished marble pavement. The angel and wreath looks as if it might have come from the Altar itself. *Below* is a view of the front of the High Altar taken some little time ago: it reveals an Italian design with three plaques and four figures between

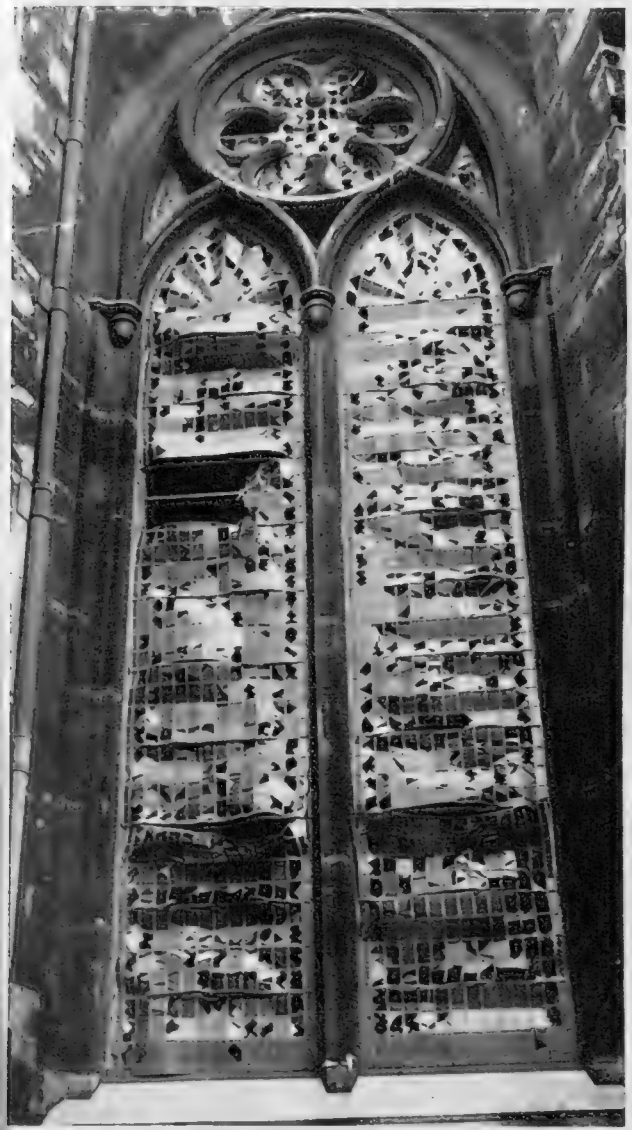
WHERE THE BOMB BROKE THROUGH THE STRUCTURAL CEILING ABOVE: The bomb struck at a point just beyond one of the subsidiary dome structures which formed the ceiling of the Choir and made the hole seen above

The Reredos and the High Altar which stood immediately in front of it date from 1888. The designers were G. F. Bodley, A.R.A., and T. Garner. It was mentioned that the Altar was backed by a rather lofty super-Altar of white marble with a sculptured frieze and band of inlay work. Immediately above, on the Reredos, was a bas relief of the entombment



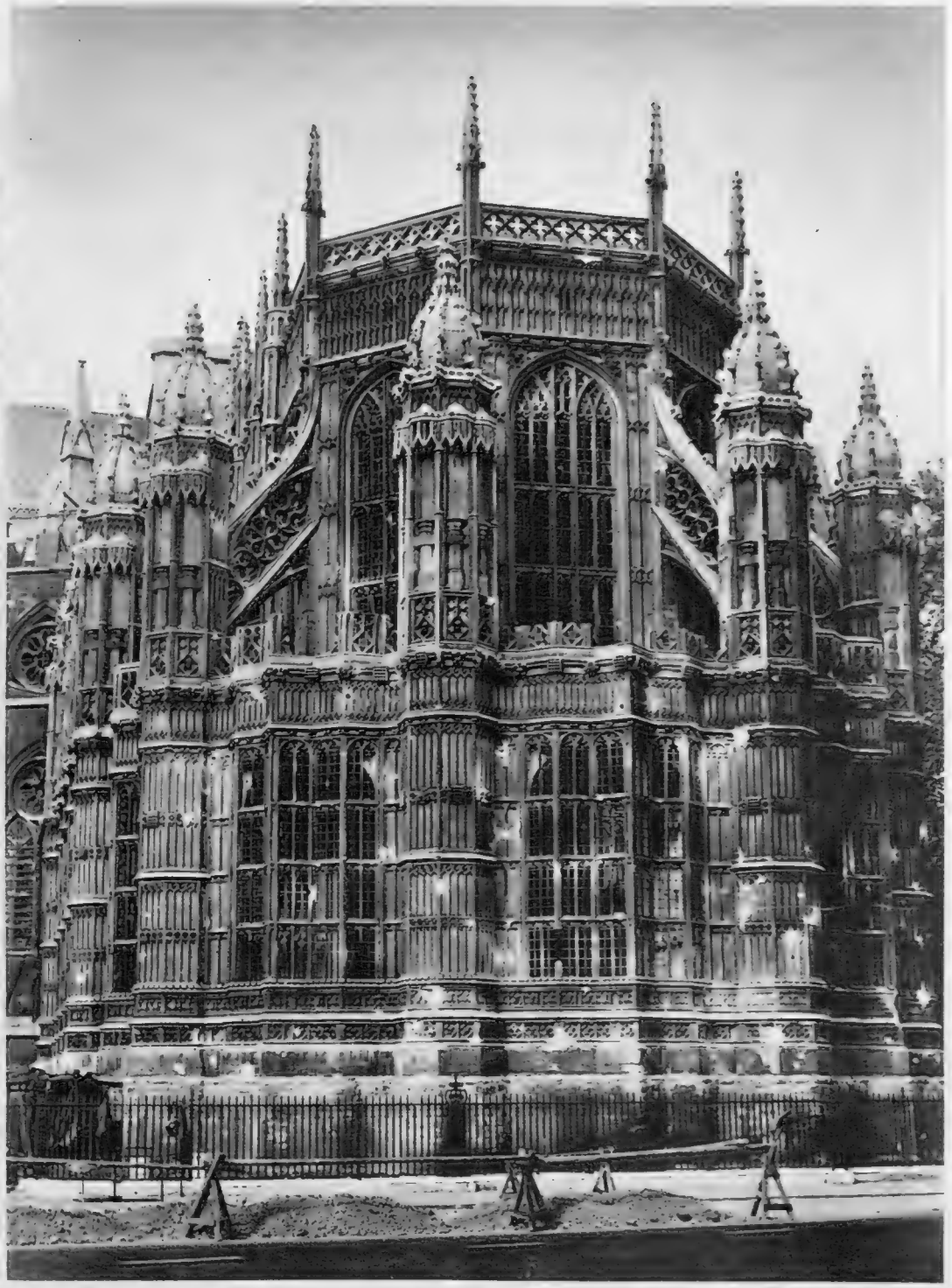
LONDON'S TWO GREAT CATHEDRALS DAMAGED

The High Altar at St. Paul's Destroyed; and the Henry VII Chapel Damaged by Bombs



A WINDOW OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY DAMAGED BY BOMB BLAST: The leaded glass of this window was pock-marked from top to bottom by splinters and by blast

The guardians of London's historic buildings have been having some anxious nights recently for it is evident that the German bombing policy is not disposed to spare even buildings full of irreplaceable medieval art. The watchers at Westminster Abbey are ceaselessly on guard by night to minimise whatever damage may be caused by the bombing



THE EXTERIOR OF HENRY VII's CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, AFTER A PEPPERING BY BOMB FRAGMENTS: When the bomb burst recently in the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey, it peppered the east end of the wonderful Chapel of King Henry VII, a marvel of flying buttresses and fan vaulting

ONE OF THE HISTORICAL TABLETS ON THE BASE OF RICHARD THE FIRST'S STATUE PIERCED BY BOMB FRAGMENTS

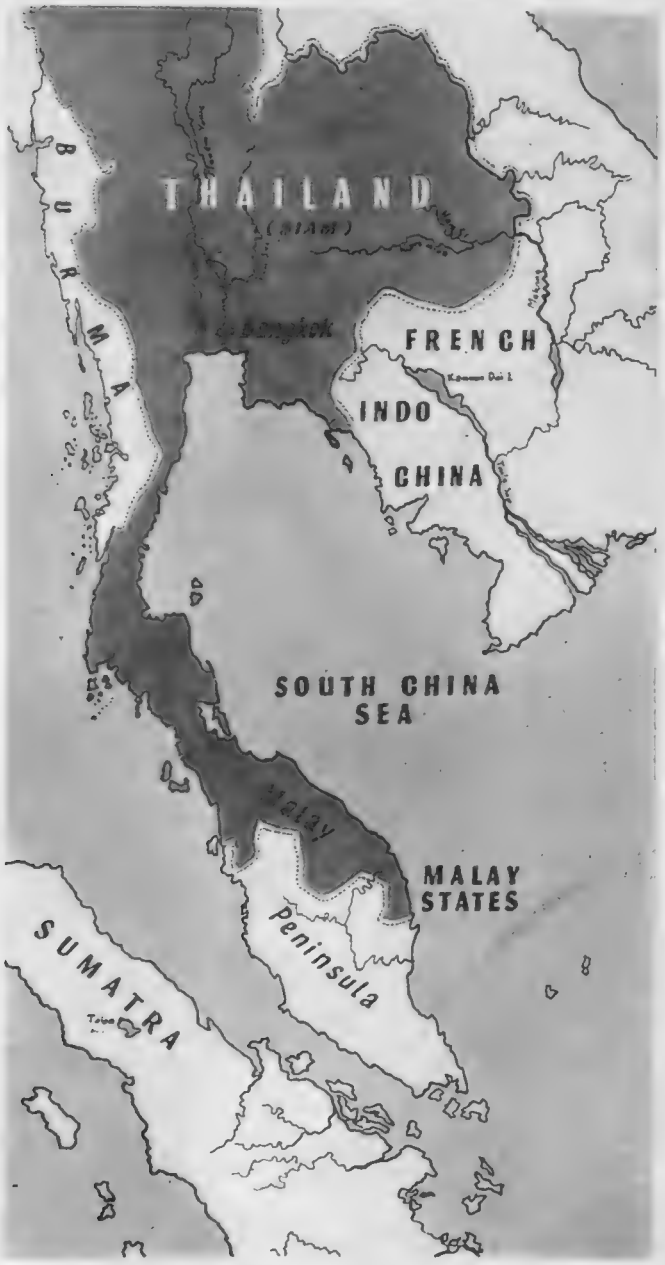
The statue of Richard Cœur de Lion was hit by fragments when a bomb fell recently in its vicinity. The sword raised aloft by the King was bent and this historical panel was pierced in one or two places. Otherwise the well known statue and its pedestal did not suffer material damage

THE RAIDS AT KIEL AND OSNABRUCK

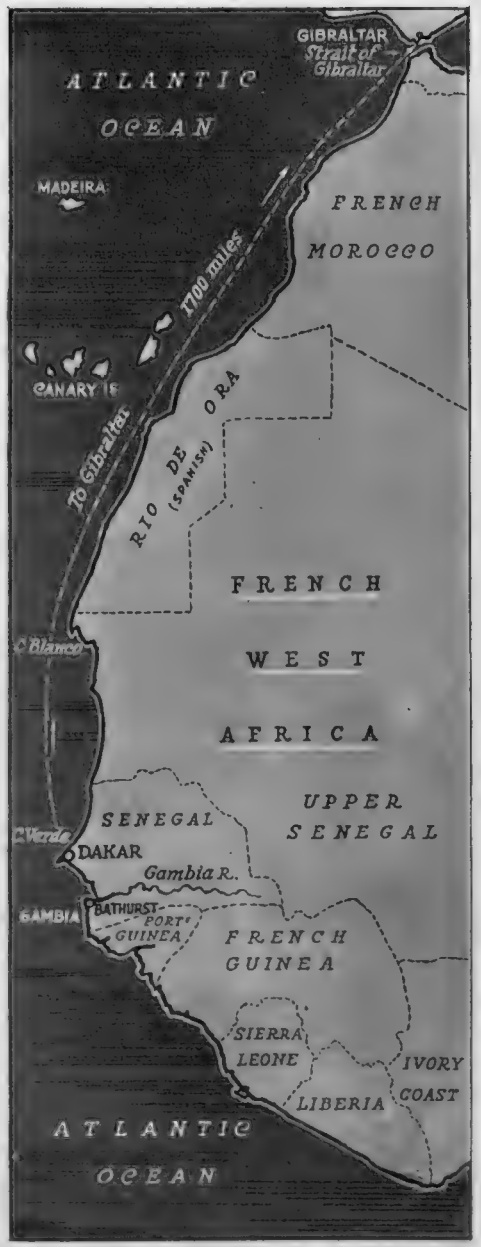
And Diagram Maps of Thailand in Indo-China and Dakar on the African West Coast

THE DOCKYARDS AT KIEL, HEADQUARTERS OF THE GERMAN NAVY: This is Germany's chief harbour in war-time. It has been the subject of very heavy attacks during recent weeks by bombers of the R.A.F.

Despite that the German Navy has been so battered that little of it now remains, Kiel is an important enemy harbour. It has extensive fortifications, quays, and docks; and here the submarine and torpedo-boats which still remain to the enemy are based. It has received full attention from the R.A.F. in recent bombing raids: In a recent communiqué issued by the Air Ministry mention was made of the fires started in this area; "I have seen lots of fires in my time," said one of the British raiders after his return from a successful attack, "but those at Kiel last night will want a lot of beating"



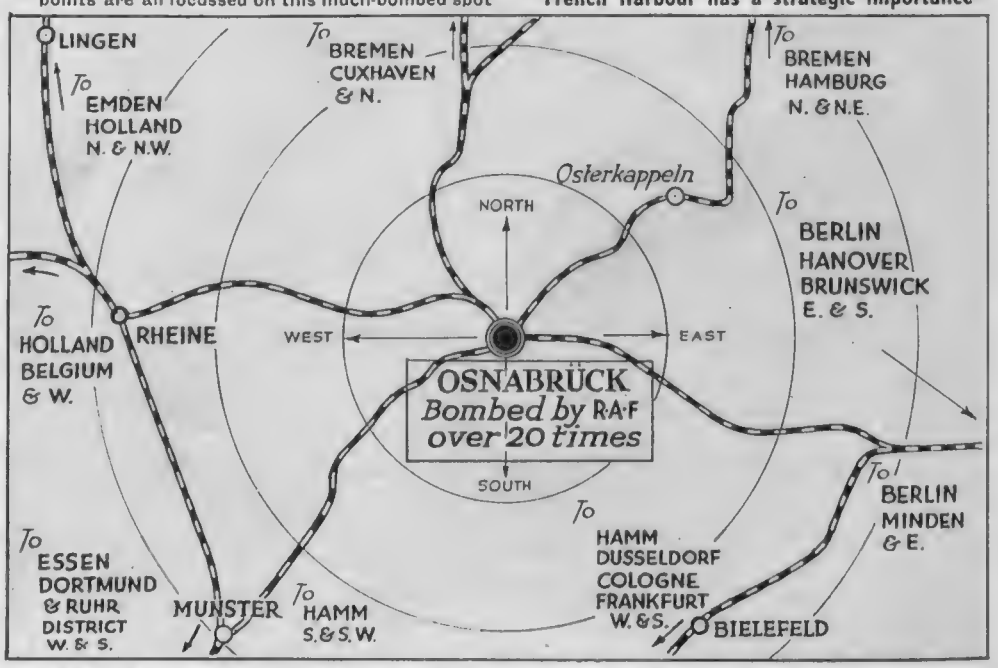
THAILAND IS THE LATEST STATE TO TURN AND REND HER NEIGHBOUR: Now that France has succumbed to the men of Vichy, her overseas Empire in the East is being rent by all who see profit to themselves. The latest State to play this game is Siam, or rather Thailand, as she prefers to be known. On September 9 when French Indo-China was deeply entangled with Japan, Thailand put forward a demand for the immediate cession of two parts of Indo-Chinese territory amounting to 9,000 square miles. Thailand could only hope to wrest such a territory from a stricken opponent—she has little force with which to support her claims otherwise. But her proximity to the great naval base at Singapore would render her situation a dangerous one if she attempted to extend her territorial ambitions too far



On right—
The Importance of Dakar on the West Coast of Africa is considerable although to a certain extent its strategic importance has been minimised by its proximity to Bathurst in the Gambia. It is not unlikely that the Germans intend to use this port as a jumping-off point for "prestige flights" to South America by air. The recent expedition to this Vichy-controlled area by General de Gaulle and by British Naval forces was the subject of discussion in the House of Commons last week

DAKAR AND ITS AIRPORT AT WAKAM: This French Harbour has a strategic importance

Below—
Just as Hamm is of great importance to Germany's communications, so is Osnabruck, a town in North-Western Germany which possesses important iron works. More important than the latter, however, are the railway goods junctions through which a heavy volume of traffic flows to all parts. It is these that the R.A.F. have so assiduously attacked during the past weeks. The diagram below shows how the network of lines from Berlin, Hanover, Bremen, Munster, and other points are all focussed on this much-bombed spot



SECOND ONLY TO THE HAMM DISTRICT IN THE NUMBER OF R.A.F. RAIDS IT HAS EXPERIENCED: The strategically important town of Osnabruck, which has been bombed more than twenty times by British aircraft

AUTUMN SCENES in the COUNTRYSIDE

SUPPLEMENTING THE SUPPLIES OF FOREIGN SUGAR BY THE NATIVE SUPPLY: There is practically nothing in farm work which the Land Girls will not tackle. Sugar beet harvesting is considered to be one of the hardest jobs that these girls can do; but they are already hard at work gathering in this very valuable harvest of the fields. In East Anglia, and Fenland generally, the work is now in full swing

LAND GIRLS AT WORK IN DEVONSHIRE: The modern Land Girl has been enlisted from amongst the ranks of town workers as well as country workers. All of them are doing their best in the way of adapting themselves to their new and vigorous life in the open, which often is very different from anything else they have hitherto undertaken

A GOOSE FAIR WHERE SHEEP FORM THE STAPLE ARTICLE: A scene at Tavistock Goose Fair, where—in addition—some 3,000 sheep were sold this year, the largest number ever recorded at the historic Fair

A PLEASANT SPOT IN STRENUOUS WAR-TIME DAYS: A glimpse of the Yealm River in South Devon where boats still rise and fall with the tides and one can potter up and down the river between wooded banks. *On right*—The demand for country cottages has brought about the renovation of many an old building which has now been put into good order. The thatcher has been having a good time in consequence

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS CAPUZZO AND BARDIA, TWO ITALIAN STRONGHOLDS IN THE DESERT, BY THE BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN FLEET: This picture, taken actually from the deck of one of the battleships, shows the Fleet steaming out to sea for the opening of the engagement, whilst a British warplane flies aloft on patrol

THE BOMBARDMENT IN PROGRESS: A unit of the British Navy fires a broadside into Bardia on the Libyan coast, giving the Italians ten tons of metal at each burst. The pounding which the Fleet gave to the two Italian strongholds was very considerable

THE NAVY SHELLS THE ITALIAN FORTS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

The Bombardment by the British Fleet of the Libyan Strongholds of Capuzzo and Bardia

A BRITISH BATTLESHIP, IN ITS WAR-TIME CAMOUFLAGE, STEAMS OUT FOR THE BOMBARDMENT: Behind are two other warships, bound on the same errand

SHADING THEIR EYES FROM THE STRONG MEDITERRANEAN SUN, THE GUN CREW ON BOARD A BRITISH DESTROYER SPOT FOR HOSTILE AIRCRAFT IN THE SKY

BRITISH ANTI-AIRCRAFT POM-POM GUNS READY FOR ACTION

Warships of the Mediterranean Fleet have been in action against Forts Capuzzo and Bardia, two of the Italian strongholds along the Libyan coast. During the bombardment an official photographer on board one of the warships took the pictures reproduced here whilst the operations were actually in progress. The Italians are very vulnerable in the coastal areas, as the guns of the British Navy dominate the 300-miles-long road into Egypt; and this is one of the routes along which the enemy attack in the Near East is expected to develop

On left—THE 15-IN. GUNS OF A BATTLESHIP FIRING DURING THE ACTUAL BOMBARDMENT: Another British warship is also seen firing in the background

An ESCAPE from the WAR

On Shakespeare and Thackeray—and Some not Literary Edwardians

IN this week's article, I want to answer a criticism which, if it has not been voiced, may have been none the less felt—that in these "escape" articles I have not kept very strictly away from war. Every reader will recognise the difficulty. It is as difficult to keep off war topics as it is to keep the smell of stewing onions from the hall and staircase of a London house when the cook *will* keep open the kitchen door. I have won more than a few mild bets that on some holiday occasion the conversation will creep round to war topics, however strong be the general company's resolution to avoid them. It is a safe bet. This war is that stewing onion. Its smell is all-pervading.

Let us see if Shakespeare is war-proof. He lived a long time ago and wrote most of his plays years after the Armada threat had been removed. He was but twenty-four years old in 1588. These notes on Shakespeare are for the uninformed by a very ill-informed Shakespearean. My own claim to write about Shakespeare is the claim of blind devotion. In my youth I was a devoted reader of poetry and a scribbler of verse.

After the Four Years War, I found I could no longer read poetry and had lost the "art" of facile versification. I abandoned my readings of all poets, save one. My delight in reading Shakespeare increased and has continued to increase. It is a fact which it is not worth trying to explain. Genius is not graded. In literature it takes many forms. I cannot explain to myself why the peculiar and universal genius of Shakespeare has this effect in my case.

Shakespeare Criticism.—For generations after his death, Shakespeare's genius was in abeyance. Shakespeare criticism was non-existent. We still know practically nothing of the man and we never shall know enough on which to build even a thumbnail sketch of character. The only way in which we can approach the man is through his writings, and the trouble still is that we do not know how much of his own plays was his own undoctored work. If we fasten on sentences in his plays as throwing autobiographical light on Shakespeare, we may obscure the little light of naked truth we have—which is feeble enough.

Nearly all constructive criticism of Shakespeare has come in the last 100 years, and to-day we are in a stage of doubt as to the value of even that wealth of critical investigation which has been poured out on his writings. This vast effort by clever men admittedly lifted not a corner of the veil which shrouds his private life. What it claimed to do was to reflect his mind and remotely his actions through his writings.

Scientific methods were perfected a generation ago whereby, by the examination of the evolution of our language (and especially of the metrical structure of verse) and Shakespeare's use of it, it was claimed to be possible to arrange his plays more or less in the chronological order of their composition. It was no longer assumed that *Henry V* followed on the heels of *Henry IV* (Part II) or that *The Tempest*, often printed first, was among the first of his plays. These scientists claimed that it was perfectly easy to prove that *Romeo and Juliet* could not have been written after *The Tempest*, and so on.

These tests were applied, a chronological sequence established and laid down, and thence it was possible by a study of the order to divide Shakespeare's mind into phases of thought and his art into phases of action. These phases were found to correspond with the accepted phases of the mind of man from youth to old age. The first batch of plays revealed as dominant the "amorousness and fun of youth"; the next the "patriotism of early manhood"; the third the "grim realism with which middle age grapples with the dark problems of life," the age of disillusion; onwards to a phase before old age when disillusion still coloured philosophy, and material success, friendship, love, faith, hope, all seemed impostors; until at last with old age, peace, forgiveness and radiant memory came to Shakespeare and he "entered harbour to anchor in peace and serenity."

Upsetting the Apple-cart.—This accepted picture, carefully prepared by scientific rule of thumb, was generally accepted as truth and as a great advance of knowledge concerning our unknown genius. And the corner stone and trump card of the theory was always *The Tempest*—proved by rule of thumb to be Shakespeare's last play and by its poetry and philosophy clearly revealed as the work of a mind in serenity and charity and peace.

Then Lytton Strachey, in his impish, destructive, teasing, brilliant way, blew the gaff on the whole concern. He proved to his own satisfaction (and to that of hundreds of his readers) that, whatever he was, Prospero was "neither serene, nor benign, nor pastoral nor 'On the heights'"; and that Caliban and Trinculo, who are as much a part of the last play as are the ethereal lovers or the boring, ineffable courtiers, are also neither serene nor benign, but on the contrary as disillusioned and gross and realistic and base and beastly and dark as are the darkest patches of *Lear* or *Timon*.

Strachey's arguments are not easy to resist or set aside. If accepted, they upset the apple-cart of the metrical yard-stick men's general conclusions, and we must confess that, if Shakespeare criticism in the past century has told us a lot about the evolution of our language, it has not much increased our knowledge of the life and mind of its greatest master.

The Newcomes and Thackeray's Public.—I turned again the other day to a reading of the Newcomes. Thackeray's habit of obtruding himself and his own (rather superficial) views on life and men all through his stories, his inability to "control" his characters, his over-zealous preaching, are faults too well understood to need stressing. Of all his novels, only one (*Esmond*) was completed by him before the printers had begun work upon it; before usually the public had read earlier chapters. That is why *Esmond* alone is "perfect in structure and homogeneous in workmanship."

The point I would here make concerns not Thackeray so much as his readers. Does anything tell us more about the differences in social life in 1850 and in our own day than the first 2,000 words of the Newcomes? They tell us that there is no standard by which we can compare the meaning of "time" to-day and 100 years ago.

It is impossible to conceive that any modern novelist would offer, or any modern publisher venture to print, especially for serialisation, a muddle of verbiage, a jumble of mere irrelevant phrase-making, that is Thackeray's opening allurement to the readers of his new story. Those pages of tangled-up fables which prove nothing, indicate nothing and pave the way for nothing, which point nowhere, hint at no action and suggest no prospect of a curtain rising, tell us more about social conditions in 1850 than about the Newcomes or their history or indeed their creator.

Our grandfathers had so much time on their hands that they were thankful to spend some of it straightening out the kinks in rusty wire, too perished to be used.

Thoughts on Passing West Dean.—My Home Guard duties took me the other day past West Dean, where lived in the Edwardian age Mr. and Mrs. Willie James. Here they entertained on many occasions King Edward VII for the racing and the shooting.

The square box-like house set a train of thought moving. I went back to that Edwardian age and recaptured the "social thrills" avidly gulped down by the public of that day from the Press of that day. The hecatombs of pheasants slain, the nine-course luncheons served in the shooting huts, the groups of "guns" and ladies behind the hecatombs—King Edward in cloak and Homburg hat with cigar in hand, and, "left to right," Mr. Harry Stonor, Marquis de Soveral, Count Mensdorf, Lord Farquhar, Lord Churchill; and (seated) Mrs. George Keppel, Miss Jane Thornewell (who played so good a hand of bridge), Lady Iveagh, Mrs. Ronald Greville, Mrs. Willie James and the rest of the clique.

The hats, veils and frocks of the ladies introduced the "Dodo" note—these protected and privileged folk were not of our race and blood and nature. They belonged to another world . . .

Can you see them dodging bombs, dining in their kitchens and sleeping in their cellars? Was any one of them ever called on to show courage, to do without, not luxuries but bare necessities . . . . ? Could they have done so? The first swift answer is "of course not." The true answer—the second thought—is "certainly they could have done so, and as cheerfully as we."

They were as brave as we. King Edward faced death twice at least with the calm courage and serenity of an old Roman. He was as brave as a lion. Soveral—"the black cat"—probably dodged bombs more than once. Possibly Mensdorf also. The ladies of the circle had all the qualities of kindness, initiative, courage and resolution which distinguish their counterparts of to-day. They were hampered by the absurd complications of their apparatus of luxury. The women's dress fashions of to-day have been leading up by stages to modern warfare.

The Edwardians were safe for a decade at least—that accounts for most of their hampering apparatus and, to our eyes, absurd fashions. If called up, they would have done what we are doing. They are not—as we superficially decide—another race, extinct as the Dodo, any more than was the race of French aristocrats who went gaily and grimly to the guillotine.

The difference between those protected birds of paradise in their gilded cage and our own generation was not one of nature but of circumstance. What separates our generation from theirs by so huge a gulf is not that they couldn't but that they didn't endure the conditions under which we are forced to live. That contrast is sharp enough, without bolstering it up with psychological theories.

CHILDREN FROM THE EASTERN OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON WHO ARE NOW SAFE FROM GERMAN BOMBS: A number of children from the Kingsley Hall Nursery School in the Thames area at Dagenham have now been evacuated to the Cotswolds and are living in safety at Postlip Hall, near Winchcomb. They are here seen returning after a "conker"-gathering expedition in the fields, where they are secure from such murderous attacks as the recent deliberate machine-gunning by one of Göring's Air Force of some children playing football in a public park. It is on such innocent unfortunates that war as it is waged to-day seems to bear the hardest

WARMLY COMMENDED

Officers who spent last winter inside one of our greatcoats will tell you what fine quarters they are . . . strongly built and very warm. At very short notice our Uniform Department can make a greatcoat to your own measurements, correct in every detail. For the officer with only an hour to spare our Ready-for-Service Department has greatcoats carefully tailored in advance in a variety of fittings . . . for the Navy, 9½ gns. . . for the Army, 8½ gns. . . for the R.A.F., 9 gns.

AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

If you are unable to get in touch with us at Regent Street, please ring Holborn 5634. Our head office is at Summit House, Red Lion Square, W.C.1

103-113 REGENT STREET · LONDON W1 · LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

THE REVIVAL OF THE NAVAL COASTGUARD: A WELCOME RECONSTITUTION OF OUR ISLAND GUARD

THE very necessary precautions against a surprise invasion have led to the Admiralty taking over the Coastguard from the Board of Trade and putting it under the control of an Admiral whose early training in the *Worcester* off Greenhithe gave him a keen interest in merchant ships which he has never lost. It is, at the moment, only a war-time measure dictated by a very serious consideration but there is every reason to hope that it will lead to a permanent revival of a naval force round the coast, useful in peace and war alike, which shall not have the disadvantages which led to the disbandment of the old Coastguard.

THIS CARTOON OF KING WILLIAM IV shows the dress of the Preventive men of the early nineteenth century—blue coat, white trousers, belt and black tie

From the days of King John to the end of the Napoleonic Wars the Navy had relied primarily on the Press Gang for its personnel, but by 1815 it was fully realised that this method, although still legal, was not producing the best men and was, moreover, putting the Navy into very bad odour with the general public when the advance of democracy made it more than ever necessary to court public interest. Far-sighted naval officers, therefore, looked round for some means of keeping a backbone of trusty petty officers and ratings who would be available for immediate service should war break out.

For many years past the inefficiency of the preventive forces has lost the revenue many thousands of pounds in income and the Customs admitted that this was largely due to bitter jealousy between the various sections, corruption and patronage. The Waterguard, which maintained the inshore patrol in pulling boats, was reasonably effective but it could do very little without the co-operation of the inefficient riding officers ashore and preventive officers in cutters off-shore; neither of these was either efficient or willing to co-operate. The change began with the establishment of the Coast Blockade at the suggestion of Captain M'Culloch two years after the end of the Napoleonic Wars. H.M. frigate *Severn* was stationed in the Downs, for the Deal longshoremen had long been the country's most daring smugglers, and he not only maintained an efficient patrol afloat but had small posts on land between the North and South Forelands. The difference that they made was remarkable, even though they only consisted of the spare ratings from one frigate, and this soon resulted in a line-of-battleship being stationed in the Downs and the frigate moved elsewhere, while the Coast Blockade was extended from Sheerness in the Isle of Sheppey to Seaford in Sussex. From that stretch of coast it was increased to practically all the districts where smuggling was rife, and it did wonders.

The revenue authorities were delighted at the efficiency of the measures against the smugglers and did not complain about having to pay for them. The Admiralty had its hand on a body of first-class petty officers and men.

The Coast Blockade did its work very well to begin with, but as the supply of first-class officers and men left over from the war gradually decreased by natural wastage the efficiency decreased also. In the early days the officers and men, although they were poorly paid, were remarkably proof against bribery, but as they were replaced this spirit tended to disappear and the enmity of the old forces which the Coast Blockade had largely replaced, coupled with that of the smugglers and their friends, hastened the tendency of the reputation of the force to decline.

A committee suggested that the Coast Blockade should be re-formed and put under the control of the Board of Customs, but they were rather nervous of administering a force of which they knew nothing and the Admiralty was still anxious to maintain its first reserve of trained and trusted men. So the Coastguard came into being and in 1831 took over all the ground which had formerly been covered by the Coast Blockaders. The Customs footed the bill and the Admiralty supplied the personnel, making it understood that they were to be the Fleet's first line of reserve but not accenting that fact too greatly.

They took over the coastline, with pulling boats to launch whenever necessary, and gradually the organisation was spread round Great Britain and Ireland.

In the event of shipwreck on the coast the men were always ready to put out, either in their own boats or in the lifeboat, to help save life, and when life-saving gear was established round the coast, first with the mortars and then with the line-carrying rockets, the Coastguard seemed to be the natural personnel to take charge of the gear, well disciplined, cool, and thoroughly accustomed to the sea in all its aspects

The Customs authorities began to realise that they could not possibly hope to get such an efficient force for their purposes at such a small price, although they may have credited too much responsibility for the decline of smuggling to the Coastguard and too little to the fact that it was less worth while than it used to be in the days of high duty.

The awakening came at the time of the Crimean War, when the Navy had to commission a large number of ships for active service and naturally drew on their first reserve, so that the Customs found themselves faced with a revival in smuggling and no efficient personnel to check it. The position was perfectly legal and it was one that had been clear from the beginning, but at a time of profound peace nobody had been thinking about the possibilities of war. The revenue strongly objected to paying for a force which would be sent out of the country when it was most needed and talked about terminating the agreement, but the Navy had learned the value of the trained seaman and petty officer in supplying a leaven to the raw crews enlisted at the time of the Crimean War and they were very anxious not to let the Coastguard go.

Accordingly, the cost of the Coastguard was transferred to the Naval Estimates, but they continued their work for the revenue authorities.

THE NAVAL GUARDS were very effective in suppressing smuggling in the Marsh districts. Sometimes when they had captured a cart load of contraband, they would be attacked by the local inhabitants, who, if successful, would make off with the illegal booty

The pendulum had swung right round to the other direction, but for many years the Admiralty was content to shoulder the burden, but after the Great War it was anxious to rid itself of the cost of a force whose benefit went almost entirely to other departments. The report of 1922 was adopted and the Admiralty Coastguard practically ceased to exist.

Frank C. Bowen

A tradition handed on from the last War—'Viyella' Service Shirts. Perfectly cut, they keep their correct style even when veteran; comfortably warm without thickness or weight; approved service colours; non-shrink, non-fade, none better! Service Shirts, 15/-; with 2 collars, 18/6.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD., VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM.

By Appointment to the late King George V

"Fitted for the Task . . ."

Officers outfitted by Burberrys are, in every tailored sense, the finest exposition of military exactness. There is a wealth of appropriate experience behind a uniform cut by Burberrys —visible in its perfection of craftsmanship.

Write for the Burberry Services booklet No. MU 51 (Fully illustrated)

BURBERRYS LTD.,
HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

Telegrams: Burberry, Lesquare, London. *'Phone: WHI 3343*

Aldershot & Basingstoke

ROYAL "EDISWAN" LAMPS
for a brilliant future!

THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO. LTD., 155 CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON W.C.2

THE SPHERE IN WARTIME

OWING to the paper shortage it is essential to place a standing order with your newsagent to make sure of getting your copy of THE SPHERE each week.

By a Paper Control Order, the output of British paper is drastically restricted and all publications are compelled to exercise the strictest economy and in future no periodicals can now be stocked for casual sale. It is therefore imperative to place an order for your copy each week.

Those desiring to have THE SPHERE sent to friends in neutral countries should send a subscription to The Publisher, Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription rates are given hereunder :—

Twelve months -	Inland	£3	3	0	Abroad £3 5 6
Six months -	„	£1	12	9	„ £1 14 8

ON SALE EVERY FRIDAY, 1/-

BUY NOW

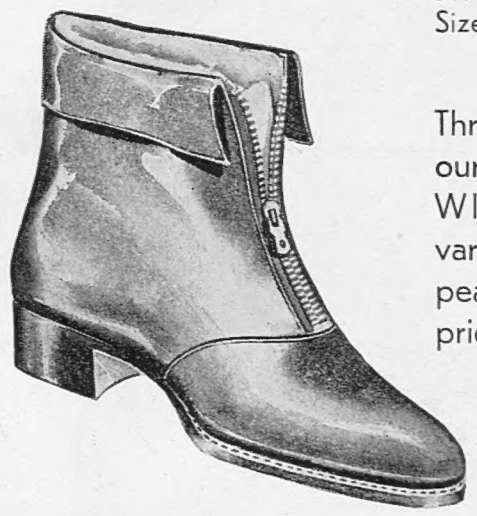
Lined for warmth

FREE OF PURCHASE TAX

The footwear illustrated can be supplied free of Purchase Tax while our present ample stocks last. Inevitably, however, some sizes and colours will be more quickly exhausted than others, and repeat orders in the future will be subject to the new tax.

We would therefore ask you for your order as early as possible, and for an alternative choice of colour.

1. A popular boot in brown sheepskin with warm turnover collar and rubber sole, suitable for shelter wear with siren suits. Sizes 4 to 6 **29/6**



Three examples from our new stocks of WINTER BOOTS— various styles — unrepeatable at the same prices—ORDER NOW

2. A practical boot lined with lambswool throughout. In all brown soft calf, with vulcanized rubber soles and heels. Sizes 4 to 8. (No half sizes) **59/6**

3. A really good boot in tucked calf lined with lambswool; crepe rubber sole and wedge heel. Sizes 4 to 9 **79/6**

POST ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

SYRIA THREATENED BY THE AXIS POWERS

(Continued from page 82)

Levantines. As a former *vali* or governor said some time ago, "I cannot understand why you British, with all your might, have such difficulties in Palestine. Why, I ran the whole province of Nablus (that is, the ancient Samaria) with a sergeant and ten men." "Did you never have any trouble at all?" "I did, once, I must admit." "And after that?" "I ran the province with a corporal and five men." The authentic voice of the old Turkish *vassak* or military tradition.

Politics at home and inextricable complications on the spot induced the French a year or two ago to grant practical independence to the Syrians with certain reserves of a territorial character and military guarantees under which France was to continue to garrison the country and to be responsible for its defence.

The Turks, who had never given up their claims to the province of Alexandretta, then secured that territory which they have renamed Hatay, which is the same word as Hittite. It is not clear how the French, as mandatories of the League of Nations, could dispose of part of their mandated territory as though it were part of their own possessions, but, anyway, the thing was done. This arrangement paved the way for the conclusion of the Franco-Turkish agreement which was integrated as part of the Anglo-Turkish agreement and became a tripartite pact. When this war came, the French, in fulfilment of their obligations, formed a large army in Syria which the Turks regarded as being a guarantee for the defence of their southern frontier in the event of their being drawn into the war.

Then came the French collapse. The attitude of our Turkish friends has been admirable. They have stood fast against German threats and blandishments whose menace becomes daily greater.

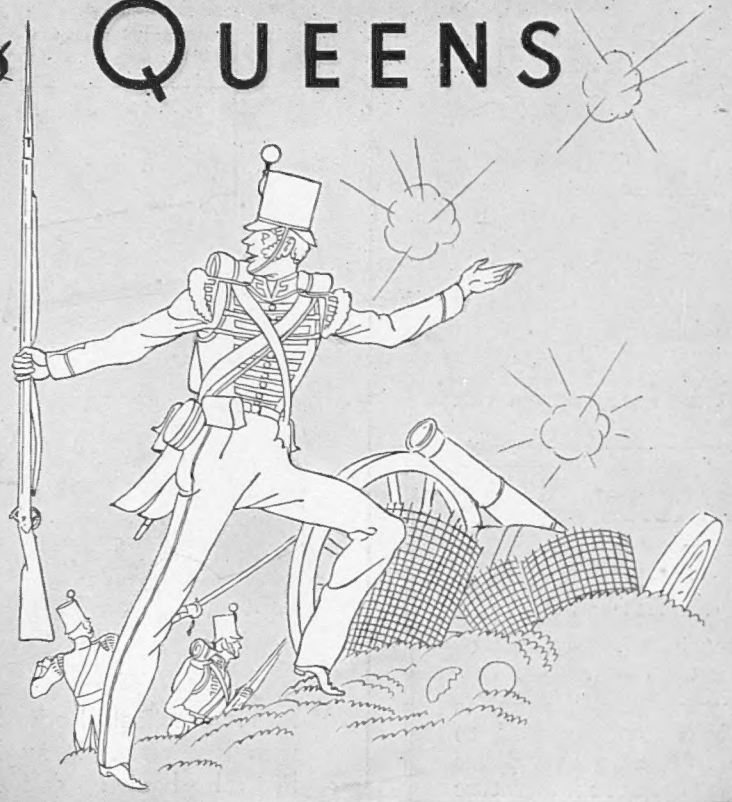
The French empire is crumbling. French prestige in the Levant has sunk to its nadir. Economic difficulties are piling up. The cost of living has risen immensely. The currency is fast becoming worthless. Italians are flocking into the country. German officers and men thinly disguised as "tourists"—and from experience in Rumania and elsewhere we know what that means—land daily in Syria. An Italian Mission, ostensibly to make an inventory of the resources of the country with a view to a peace treaty with France but in reality to disarm all possible opposition to the Axis, is hard at work. The French High Commissioner, a colourless professional diplomat by the name of Puaux (who was, when Minister at Vienna, unable to foresee the Anschluss), is powerless, and tied to Vichy.

We may wake up one morning and find that French Syria has become Axis Syria. There is only one Power we can ask to take the matter in hand and that is our friend Turkey. The Germans, at any time, as the Turks know and fear, may attempt to break our blockade by forcing a way to the East through Turkey to a carefully undermined Syria and beyond. The danger from Syria is grave. The present French Government is pro-German and anti-British, and even were its policy just the reverse it would be powerless to resist German orders. Events in the Mediterranean are moving to a crisis. The Big Push of our enemies in the Near East cannot be long delayed. If Syria becomes enemy-controlled the whole of our position in the Eastern Mediterranean will be most adversely affected.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This old-established Society, now in its ninety-eighth year, has done world-wide service in taking the poor children of this Country and giving them a home, good food, education, and a start in life. There is not a Colony but what some old girls or boys could be found who were first given shelter and education by this Society, and then the chance of emigration. Funds are coming in very slowly in these difficult times, but there are 1,000 mouths to continually feed, bodies to clothe, and minds to train. Will you not send a special gift as a thank-offering for having had a happy childhood yourself? Please address your gift to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Famous QUEENS



The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment.

From 1740 to 1748 known as the 50th Regiment of Foot (the Fighting Half Hundred). Became the West Kent Regiment in 1782. Because of an outbreak of Ophthalmia in 1797-99 was nicknamed the Blind Half Hundred. Named Duke of Clarence's Regiment of Foot 1827 and the Queen's Own in 1830.

HIGHLAND QUEEN

GRAND LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

was first produced in the reign of Queen Victoria. It has preserved its original claims to pre-eminence by maintaining the tradition of its blenders during five reigns. Despite the modern tendency to join combines it is still the product of Scotland's largest independent distillers.

MACDONALD & MUIR LTD., LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW and LONDON.

For FACE & HANDS

Whether you are in uniform or not, on munitions or other Government work, don't neglect your skin because of changed conditions. Keep up the regular daily applications of Larola to tone and nourish the skin, to keep your face and hands beautifully soft, white and smooth. Larola, pure and free of all pore-clogging ingredients, is applied in a minimum of time . . . it prevents red and roughened skin and is the ideal skin tonic for the busy woman

Write for a free copy of the Larola booklet "The Cult of Beauty"

Larola

1/6 & 2/6 per bottle

From Chemists & Stores or Post Free U.K. direct from:
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

Keep on buying

3% Defence Bonds

The Nation needs the help of every investor. Lend all you can and keep on lending. Help to wield the powerful financial weapon which is vitally necessary for speedy and decisive victory.

£5 and multiples of £5. Income Tax NOT deducted at source. Bonus of £1 on every £100 at the end of 7 years.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*October* 19, 1940. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

WITH cold days and dark nights ahead of us, the residential amenities of hotels come increasingly to the fore, and however comfortable public rooms may be, a good bedroom is, to most people, of paramount importance.

But there are degrees of goodness, and this week I will tell you how I arrive at my assessment of perfection and imperfection.

At every hotel in which I stay, I allot a system of marks, and the maximum for one's bedroom is 30, though any hotel bedroom which can claim 25 or more marks counts for excellence. First of all, because it is the most important feature of a bedroom, 6 marks go to the bed, and in fairness to hotels as a whole I am impressed with the increasing comfort of hotel beds. Then I allow 3 marks for heating, but full marks only are allotted if there is controllable central heating, *and* a gas or electric fire, for those chilly days when the central heating is not "on" because it happens to be late spring, or early autumn.

Lighting can earn 3 marks, but full marks are only awarded when lights and switches are in the right places, particularly bedside and dressing-table lights. Plenty of wardrobe space is, of course, essential for a stay of any duration but the 3 marks allotted under this heading cover wardrobe space long enough for hanging ladies' evening frocks, drawers which open and close easily, and above all else, a sufficient supply of coat-hangers.

To service I allot a further 3 marks, and this covers a bell push and a telephone by one's bedside, and a prompt and willing response to one's inquiries. Another mark under "service" includes well cleaned boots and shoes.

Then we come to the toilet facilities; requirements, to earn 2 marks, are piping hot water at all times, plenty of towels, and the shelf above the basin so arranged that one does not crack one's head when stooping to wash one's hands.

Many an hotel falls down on what I have termed essential etceteras, for which 5 marks are allotted, made up as follows: Waste paper basket (1), ash trays (1), non-rattling windows (1), a pin-cushion for ladies, bearing a variety of pins and safety-pins, and one further mark if, should there be a gas or electric meter, one does not have to go on all fours to insert the necessary coin.

One's bedroom should also express individuality if one is going to settle down quickly, and I award 3 marks or less for the general decor, as expressed in furnishings and wall-paper.

Finally I keep 2 marks in reserve for those personal touches which, while they are non-essentials, make all the difference to the person who benefits by them; flowers in one's room for instance, a few bedside books, a hot water bottle supplied without previous request, and if there is room a writing-table, however small, with clean blotting paper, a *full* inkwell, and nibs that write and do not merely scratch.

Here is a summary for the benefit of those who care to apply my tests for themselves. Bed 6 marks; heating 3 marks; lighting 3 marks; wardrobes and drawers, 3 marks; service 3 marks; toilet 2 marks; essential etceteras 5 marks; individuality 3 marks; personal touches 2 marks. Total 30 marks.

Any hotel that can claim from 25 to 30 marks for its bedrooms is worthy of your attention this coming autumn and winter, and while it would be invidious to mention names I will record that the outline of this article took shape in my bedroom at the Crest Hotel, Crowborough, in Sussex, to whom I award 29 marks. They would have earned 30 had the previous occupant of the room not taken away the attractive Tarzan pincushions, which are a feature of the bedrooms at the Crest Hotel.

I have had so many inquiries of late asking for "havens of rest," and "sanctuaries from sirens" that I have been wishing it were possible to produce a few more guest houses and hotels in some of the remoter country spots, simply by pressing a button. Which makes me all the more glad to welcome another small "sanctuary" to which I can direct people, in a really remote part of Devon.

When you have discovered Widecombe-in-the-Moor, near enough to Newton Abbot to be easily accessible by train, yet ten miles deep into the real Devon countryside, you have a haven indeed, and in The Old Inn I can guarantee that you will be comfortably housed, and well fed, for Mrs. Wake Walker once ran Clematis Cottage, Washington, and made it a signal success.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

R. S., Dolphin Square, London.—Shaldon by Teignmouth, South Devon, is an attractive spot, and there *is* one hotel there about the 5 guineas mark, the Round House; here you will find a high standard of hotel-keeping, and as you so much liked the Old House, at Windsor, you will find the Round House very much to your taste.

D. M., Earl's Court, London.—For peacefulness, comfort, warmth and friendliness, you cannot do better than winter at the Redcliffe Hotel, Paignton. The air is more breezy than Torquay, yet one is on the level.

E. P., Croydon.—Midhurst, in Sussex, shows very little outward sign of being at war, and at the Spread Eagle you will soon make up for lack of sleep. It is very long odds, as a hardened Londoner, that you will want to go to ground when a supposed enemy aircraft is heard somewhere in the night sky.

H. W. P., Reading.—To send anyone to Clematis Cottage, Washington, always enhances my reputation as an impartial hotel adviser, but don't expect five-star amenities; it *is* a cottage hotel, yet I can promise you potted comfort.

C. B. C., Netley, Hants.—You say you want to stay in the Cotswolds, yet without a car you are wondering whether any of the Cotswold villages are not a little remote; decidedly, if you are dependent upon Shanks' pony you should choose a town. If you choose the best-known one in this district, Cheltenham, I can strongly recommend the Plough Hotel; here you will find an old-world air, while modern comfort is never lost sight of, and the food is of the very best.

D. A. B., London.—Where to send the family for peace and safety is a problem not only common to you; as there are quite a number of you, and you have your nurse to take as well, I am inclined to suggest you try the Old England Hotel, Sutton-on-Trent, Lincs. This hotel, which is comfortable and well run, has been full of soldiers since the outbreak of war; they have now suddenly departed, so your chance of getting accommodation for your family is a good one if you write at once.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY

This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

BULL BAY HOTEL
AMLWCH
Spend autumn and winter in safety. Warmth and sunshine but no sirens.
Combine bracing air with good food and comfort.
Under the same direction as THE CASTLE at BANGOR
ISLE OF ANGLESEY, WALES

CREST CROWBOROUGH 394-5 SUSSEX
From 4½ to 9 guineas a week.
Special reductions for long stays as well as special week-end rates for the Services.
PINE SCENTED DAYS
Spend them in the heart of the country, yet only 75 minutes from London. Enjoy the best of good fare in lovely surroundings. All-weather tennis court. Golf.

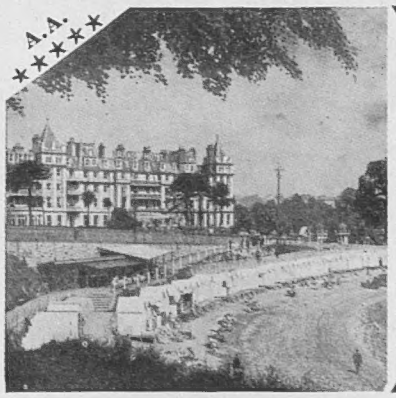
THE COMPLEAT ANGLER
A Riverside Retreat for the Business Man.
Within easy reach of London, yet deep in the country.
Under the supervision of Mr. BALLY, late of Boulestin, this hotel combines comfort and convenience with food that only an expert can produce.
MARLOW-ON-THAMES

So Near and Yet so Far
Near enough to reach the City or the West End with ease. Far enough to be well clear of the smoke and noise of London. A 2-minute walk brings you to the station, a 37-minute ride lands you at Paddington, and at the end of the day you return to a homely hotel where *every bedroom has its own bathroom.* A hard tennis court in our own 12-acre grounds.
Inclusive terms from 4½ guineas per week.
GROVE HALL HOTEL TWYFORD, BERKS.
Telephone: Twyford 106

For PEACEFUL Autumn and Winter Residence
Plus the warmth and good fare of a first-class hotel—
Queen's Hotel, PENZANCE
With 100 bedrooms, modern bathrooms and lift we can offer you every comfort and a full southern aspect. From 4 gns. inclusive.
Telephone: 471/472 *Telegrams: Seaward*

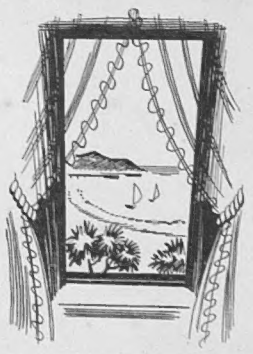
FORTFIELD HOTEL SIDMOUTH S. DEVON
Standing in its own grounds, overlooking the sea.
Self-contained Suites. Finely appointed Public Rooms. Passenger Lift and every modern convenience. H. & C. in all rooms. Fully Licensed. Lock-up Garages.
For Bookings or Brochure, write Resident Manager, Mr. E. G. Russell, Fortfield Hotel, Sidmouth, S. Devon.
Telegrams, Fortfield, Sidmouth Telephone, Sidmouth 39

HARLEYFORD MANOR, NR. MARLOW
This lovely old country house on a private reach of the Thames has an air of mellow serenity. Every modern comfort in old-world surroundings makes it the site ideal for those in search of peace.
Telephone: Hurley 239
Terms: 5 Gns.



YOU CAN SLEEP AT THE **GRAND HOTEL, TORQUAY**
for the drone of the Aero Engine is rare and sirens even more infrequent. And by day you can relax and enjoy grand air, scenery and sunshine from our grandstand position overlooking Tor Bay. There is no better accommodation or cuisine in Torquay for
Autumn or Winter Residence
than at this five star Hotel, where every provision has been made for comfort and safety even to the extent of a scientifically designed and comfortably equipped Air-Raid Shelter, should such an unlikely contingency arise. Write now for details of accommodation still available. *Telephone: Torquay 2234*

Westward Ho? Spend a night or more at—
THE ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL EXETER
in the quiet of the Cathedral Close



Peace . . . . and Perfection
An Hotel for a holiday of quiet and content. Every bedroom has a perfect view over Tor Bay. 50 rooms with every luxury. Private suites. Private bathrooms.
A cuisine far removed from the ordinary.
All under the personal direction of Mr. D. Tschumy, born and trained in Switzerland.
THE HEADLAND HOTEL TORQUAY
A first-class unlicensed hotel run in connection with the Grand, where every facility for recreation is free.
Telephone: Torquay 2161

LUPTON HOTEL, CHURSTON FERRERS, SOUTH DEVON (R.A.C.)
No sirens and no objectives. A country house in immeasurably peaceful surroundings and within easy access of TORQUAY and DARTMOUTH.
Winter terms from 4 gns.

YES, we are open
and very comfortable, warm, peaceful and friendly you will find us for the autumn and winter days ahead.
THE **REDCLIFFE HOTEL** PAIGNTON

CLEMATIS COTTAGE HOTEL, WASHINGTON, nr. WORTHING
A haven of content and character for a week-end or longer in the fold of the Sussex downs. Noted in particular for its cooking, and its home-made cakes, as well as for the discerning people who repeatedly stay there. Easy access to the West Sussex Golf Club at Pulborough.
Inclusive Terms from 3½ Gns.

15 minutes of hero worship—

have a **CHURCHMAN'S No. 1**

to see you through it!

★ In the National interest empty your packet at time of purchase and leave it with your tobacconist.

Churchman's No. 1 Cigarettes: a fine 15 minutes of smooth smoking. 10 for 10d. 20 for 1/8d.

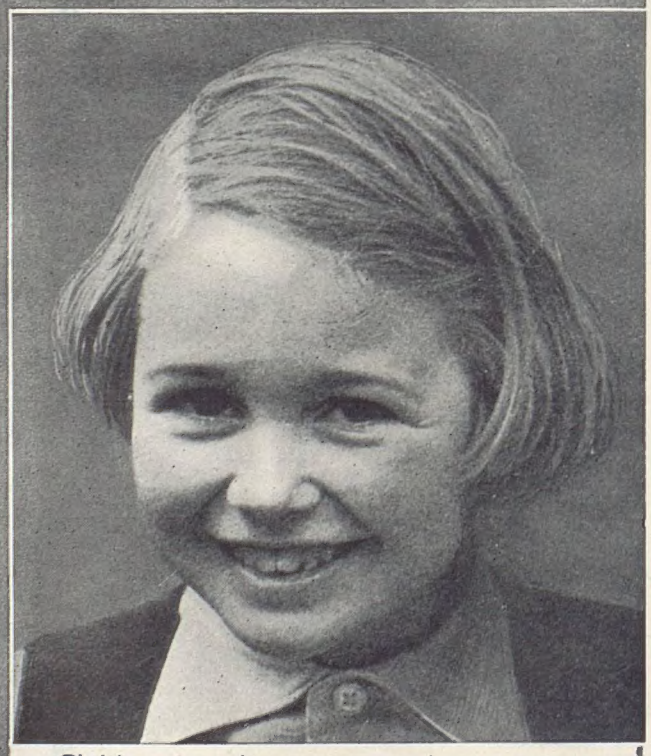
C.348b

WAIFS & STRAYS SOCIETY

NEGLECTED

MOTHERLESS

UNWANTED



Children needing care and protection because of the War are daily joining

OUR FAMILY OF 5,000

and it is a very hard struggle for us to feed and clothe them in these critical times.

DO PLEASE HELP US

Gifts gratefully received by the Secretary

OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, S.E.11

The Inalienable Right of Children to something sweet

WHEN children plead for something sweet, don't scold them.

They are only maintaining their inalienable right, as active and growing young citizens, to an extra ration of energy.

NATURAL SWEETNESS

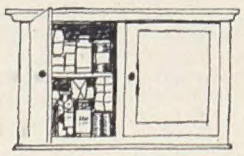
The sweetness of Horlicks — which comes naturally from the milk sugar and malt sugars in it — is loved by children and gives them that added energy in a form which they can use at once. It passes into the bloodstream almost immediately without putting any strain on the digestion. It does children a power of good and never causes "upsets."

Besides producing quick energy, Horlicks also provides the child with body-building protein[1] and calcium[2]. There's fresh, full-cream milk in it — one of the best "protective" foods.

CORRECTS MONOTONY OF DIET

What's so good about Horlicks, too, is that it's a *complete* food. So it helps to make good any lack of essential elements in children's other food and to correct any tendency to monotony in their diet. This is important these days when free choice of foods is often limited.

So let your children have Horlicks! They'll love it and be all the better for it! Prices from 2/- ; the same as before the war. At all chemists and grocers.



FOR YOUR EMERGENCY STORE

In an emergency, the whole family could live on Horlicks for an indefinite period. It is a complete food, sustaining and nourishing for old and young, in health and sickness. It needs mixing with water only and can be taken cold if gas or electricity supplies fail. It keeps indefinitely even after the bottle has been opened, provided the cap is replaced tightly. For safety's sake, get an extra stock of Horlicks now.

[1] *Horlicks is 14%-15% protein — one-half of which is "first-class protein" derived from milk.*

[2] *Horlicks contains calcium to the extent of 77.2 mg. per ounce. Also the milk sugar in Horlicks helps the growing child to use calcium to the best advantage.*

HORLICKS

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C. 4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*October 19, 1940*. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903